



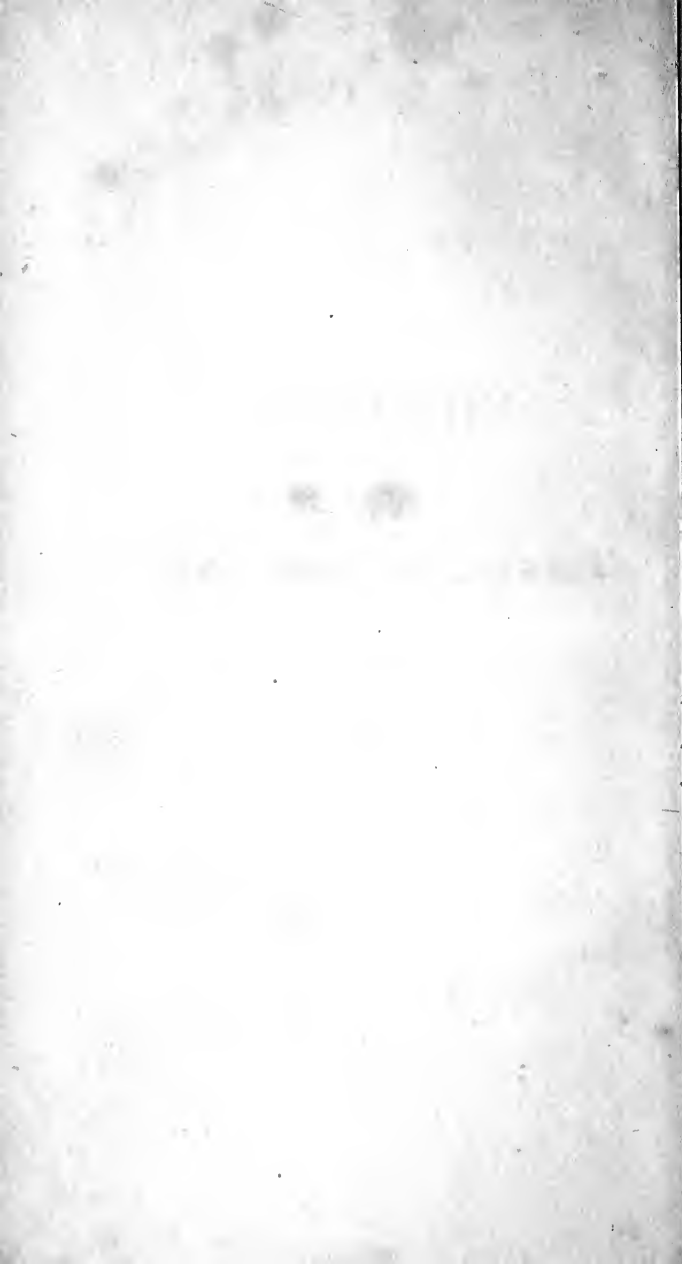
LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF ILLINOIS

823
P223v
v.4



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2009 with funding from
University of Illinois Urbana-Champaign





VIRGINIA ;

OR THE

PEACE OF AMIENS.



VOL. IV.

Plummer, and Bfewis, Printers,
Love Lane, Little Eastcheap.

VIRGINIA;
OR THE
PEACE OF AMIENS.

A NOVEL.

==
IN FOUR VOLUMES.

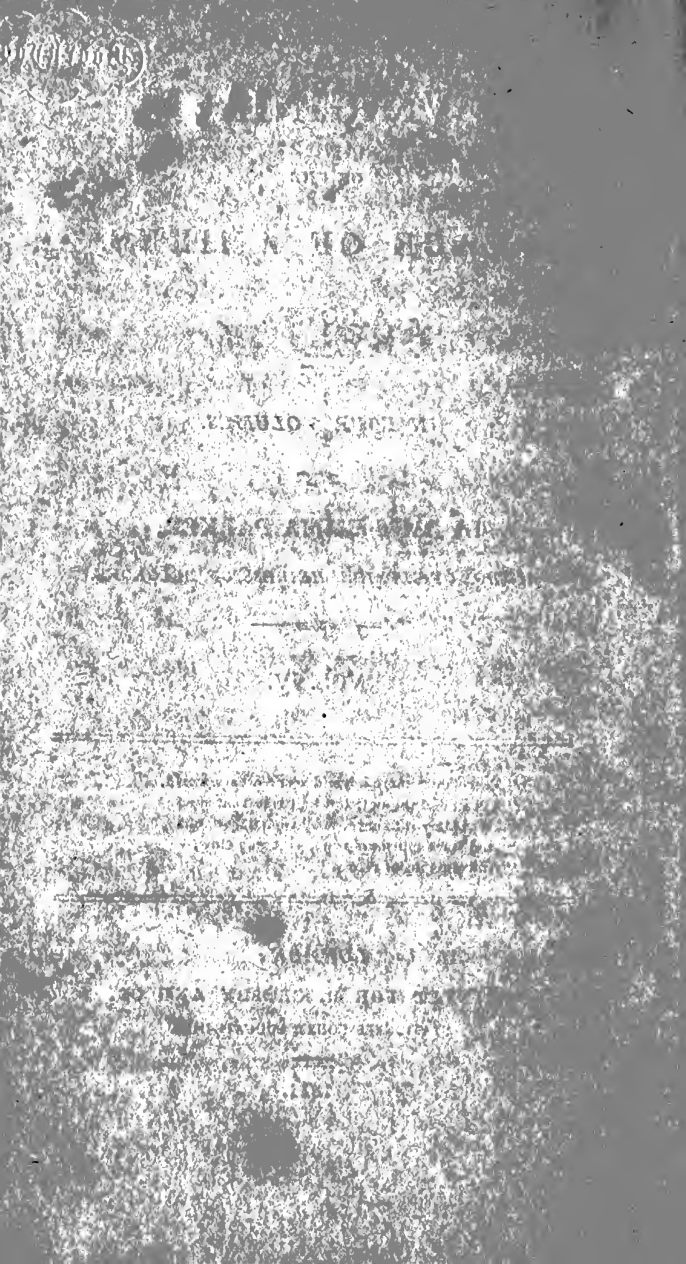
==
BY MISS EMMA PARKER,
AUTHOR OF ELFRIDA, HEIRESS OF BELGROVE.

—◆—
VOL. IV.

"Peace once more hover'd o'er a weary world,
"Yet smiled she not, but half reluctant shed
"Her balmy influence, while martial sounds
"In distant murmurs rung, receding slow,
"And dubious of return."

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR B. CROSBY AND CO.
STATIONERS'-COURT, LUDGATE-HILL

==
1811.



823
P223N
v.4

PRELUDE

TO

VOLUME THE FOURTH.



I NOW seem, as it were, taking leave of the Reader, as this is the last essay I shall present to him, at which, I rather think he feels no very great degree of regret. But that I am sure is no fault of mine, for I have verily spared no pains in my endeavour to please him,

and beg leave to assure him with very great truth that I am extremely sorry if I have failed; that is, I deeply commiserate his misfortune in having a disposition so difficult to be pleased; for I make it a rule never to allow myself to be in fault when I can possibly find any body else to lay the blame on; I may perhaps have appeared deficient in due respect to the great arbiters of literary fame, in not having addressed them in some one of these digressive chapters, which seem to afford so excellent an opportunity for touching on this awful subject, and of deprecating or braving the censure, or humbly soliciting the indulgence (after the manner of some of my contemporaries) of the Reviewers. But I candidly acknowledge, it is a subject I am not at all fond of, and as I have not

heard that these august gentlemen have as yet vouchsafed to take any notice of me, I do not see what business I have with it, and most sincerely hope they will continue to think me beneath their notice, as I dare not flatter myself there would not be a stronger proportion of bitter than sweet, in the dose they would administer to me, and I have always had a particular aversion to bitters, though I am perfectly aware that they are extremely salutary. But have I not said, stimulated by the motives which urge my pen, I would “risk undismayed the lash of the critic?”* My courage has not abated, and I have soothed my mind into a most comfortable state of preparation, in case of the worst, by reflecting on the many writers of celebrity who have incurred the sharpest censure, while there

* See conclusion of *Elfrida*, Heiress of Belgrove.

have been few indeed who have received (or who have probably merited) unqualified approbation. And if I should be doomed to see a critique on my work, the purport of which might resemble the following, though no doubt better expressed :

“The fair author appears to be totally ignorant of a truth which we are sorry to be obliged to inform her of, which is that she never was intended to shine as a literary character ; and the best advice we can give her is to follow the example of Cid Hamet Benengeli, and give her pen eternal repose ! The independant style she displays is unbecoming so very young an author.”

Should such an appalling sentence meet my eyes how should I sustain it ?

Why, I should look very grim for a few minutes, and then with true feminine obstinacy exclaim, "But I will persevere though," and in the language of a British statesman, one who asserts himself to be a legislator, (I surely cannot be deemed inelegant for using the words of a senator, particularly as I am so fond of *choice* quotations) I shall continue fancying I am addressing the Reviewers, "It may be ridiculous, gentlemen, *but I say whoever rats and runs away may the honourable gentleman to whom he runs not receive him. I never trimmed or juggled, and I'll not trim and juggle now.* And I will bring forward argument after argument in my support, "*like strings of red herrings at the door of an oil shop.*"

It was once thought very ridiculous that Caligula should make his horse a

consul! I begin to think he was not more absurd than some who have come after him. Bucephalus would have made as good a figure in a forum, as many who sit in our senate house. Of the honourable and learned gentleman, whose language I have above quoted, I know nothing more than what I have learned from the parliamentary debates, but I am inclined to think there is an honest roughness and candour in his nature, which would lead him to pardon the liberty I have taken, and rather rejoice that he had furnished a poor unfortunate author, (for the two former epithets are generally attached to the latter,) whose ideas might probably be exhausted by the frequent demands made upon them, with something new and certainly very uncommon.

I was, at the commencement of this essay, going to take a most *pathetic* leave of the reader, but I was insensibly carried away from the subject (which he may have observed, long since, is very frequently the case) and the unfortunate allusion to the Reviewers instantly threw my pen into a state of feverish agitation, which speedily occasioned delirium, and its ravings have broke forth with a violence I have been unable to check! For which I hope to be pardoned and compassionated by all descriptions of readers and writers! The latter I doubt not will agree with me that the bare term, "*The Reviewers!*" is sufficient to throw the blood as well as the pen of an author, who has not very strong nerves, into a state of fermentation. Of authors,

readers, and reviewers I take my leave, begging them to ascribe the extended length of this chapter entirely to my reluctance in addressing them for the last time through my preludes.

VIRGINIA ;

OR THE

PEACE OF AMIENS.

CHAP. I.

And oft against his laboring breast,
With sinewy strength his hand he prest,
As though the pent and struggling flame
Would rend the ties of mortal frame.

THE CRUSADERS, OR
MINSTRELS OF ACRE.

OUR young sailor boys hurried to the extent of the garden, and seated themselves where the turbulency of their

neighbours only reached them in murmurs, or at intervals burst louder on their ears. No sooner were they seated than Virginia exclaimed, but in a suppressed voice, fearful of being overheard,

“O ! that we could escape from this place !”

“Escape ! my dear Virginia, where could we possibly fly to ? This man would give the alarm, we should be pursued, and doubtless taken, for where could we seek refuge ?”

“O, any where, rather than remain here.”

Virginia now determined to acquaint her friend with the strong reasons she had for entertaining the most alarming apprehensions, and resolved so to do

as she reconnoitered the garden, to see if there was a possibility of escaping from it, which she proposed doing. But Augusta observed, that she could perceive the margin of a wall above the trees in several places, and added,

“I doubt not it extends on both sides ; the river secures the end, and I don’t imagine there is any way out, but going back through the house ; indeed you may be certain of it, otherwise these people who are carousing here, might go away unperceived, and the landlord be defrauded of payment. I really think we need not mistrust him, he has something prepossessing in his aspect.”

“O! he has something horrible in his aspect!”

“What, the landlord?”

“ O no, the —— ”

Virginia's speech was arrested by the sudden rustling of the leaves, caused by some one approaching, and looking through a part of the treillis, over which the foliage had not spread, she perceived, to her utter dismay, the mendicant advancing with infirm steps, supported by the arm of his companion. Virginia grasped the arm of her friend, but before she could speak, the object of her terror appeared in front of the arbour, and humbly asked their charity. Augusta was startled by the sudden intrusion, and the action of her friend, but seeing nothing to excite fear in the decrepid beggar, she soon recovered this momentary sensation, and took a trifle from her pocket to give him. Some persons at this moment took possession of a seat very near them, at which Vir-

ginia greatly rejoiced, for she perceived that the mendicant, who was again about to speak, suddenly hesitated, when he heard voices near, and she hailed these people as protectors, on whom she could call in case of necessity. The mendicant now continued, in a voice Virginia fancied was palpably feigned, though it did not strike Augusta so, *she* not conceiving him to be other than he appeared to be.

“I am a poor unfortunate old man, weighed down with years and sorrow, noble sailors, and have nothing to support me and my helpless girl, but what we get from the charitably disposed.”

“Why does she not work?” asked Augusta, “she appears strong and healthy?”

“ *Hélas ! mon ami,*” his language bespoke him a native of that country, “she is deaf and dumb.”

“ Poor unfortunate creature,” exclaimed Augusta, rising and surveying the girl attentively, for the moon beams shone on her face; she continued in English to Virginia, without taking her eyes from the object of her commiseration.

“ She has a handsome face, and a fine tall figure; if she were not disguised in such wretched rags she would be beautiful; see how fine a colour she has; I will give her money, let us see if she knows what it is; I am sure she cannot be an idiot with that countenance.”

While Augusta’s attention was engaged with his companion, the mendicant

advanced a few steps nearer Virginia, and in the attitude of supplication seemed to wait her donation, and while she was searching with an eagerness that defeated its purpose for something to give him, in order to escape his importunities, he suddenly leaned forward, and whispered *close* to her ear; what he said she knew not, but started back in horror, too great for articulation. Instantaneously he put his finger on his lips, and wringing his hands together with the utmost energy of action, he seemed to implore her to keep silence! which indeed she was compelled to, for terror tied her tongue. Meantime, Augusta gave the girl money, who appeared overcome with gratitude, and though she could not express it, she caught the hand of the donor, and pressed it fervently and repeatedly to her lips. Augusta recollected that the poor creature considered her as a common

sailor, and therefore this manner of demonstrating her gratitude could not be deemed presumptuous, and she became still more interested for her, from the animation and emotion she discovered, and felt extraordinary gratification in exciting such sensations in the heart of an unfortunate being deprived of speech and hearing, and who could not evince such lively feelings. She had given her but a trifle, she now doubled it, when the joy of the receiver seemed to know no bounds. She sunk on her knees, again held Augusta's hand to her lips, and appeared to struggle for utterance.

“Poor creature,” exclaimed Augusta, leaning over her, and contemplating her eloquent countenance, “how unspeakably interesting are you.” As she spoke she parted the long hair that hung from her forehead and gazed on her face with great emotion.

“Pardon her, generous man!” cried the mendicant, “she is overcome with gratitude, and cannot express it. She knows not the liberality of a sailor’s heart, *but I know you well, and though as pleased as she can be, am not surprised!*”

His words sunk like a cold damp weight on Virginia’s heart. She caught Augusta’s arm, and would have hurried her from the harbour, but at this instant the host appeared bearing refreshments.

“I have brought you your supper,” said he, “I will spread it on the bench; it is very pleasant here, the moon shines gloriously bright. “What are *you* doing here,” continued he, turning to the beggars, “get you along, and don’t be troublesome to the gentlemen!” They retired a few steps.

"We will not eat here," cried Virginia in hurried accents, "O, where shall we go?"

Augusta had not before seen her so totally forgetful of the character she was to support, and looked at her expressively in order to recal her self-possession.

"Well, if you don't like to eat here," said Buveur, "you may come into the kitchen."

"And why not remain here?" cried Augusta to her friend.

"No, no, no persuasion shall induce me."

As Virginia said this she hurried along the path leading to the house. Augusta followed her in consternation,

dreading she would discover herself to every one who beheld her, by this sudden and total loss of self-command. She could not conceive what had occasioned her extreme terror and perturbation, having little heeded the words of the mendicant, nor attached an extraordinary meaning to them. She hastened after her friend, and whispered in her ear,

“ For heaven’s sake, my dear Virginia, recollect yourself, or you will betray us both.”

She then asked the host if their chamber was ready? he replied in the negative, and they returned to the comfortless room they had quitted on repairing to the garden, and here the meal was spread for them. Virginia could with difficulty swallow a piece of bread and a glass of wine of the province, and Augusta was

so much discomposed at witnessing the disorder of her friend, that she could not eat with any zest. There were several persons in the room, some close to them, the host at the same table, so that all conversation of any importance between them was precluded, for Buveur could speak English, and they were not certain that there were not others present who might also understand it. Virginia endeavoured to recollect herself, and as on surveying the apartment she did not perceive the mendicant, she became more composed.

The hostess now informed them that their sleeping rooms were ready.

“*Rooms,*” repeated Virginia, “we only required *one* chamber.”

“But you must have two,” said Bu-

veur, "for the beds are very small, and only intended for one person; I suppose young men like you are not afraid of sleeping alone; here, Gabriele, shew Monsieur that way, and I will conduct his friend up stairs."

The fugitives were aware that the eyes of all present were fixed on them, and that their obstinately persisting in sharing the same room would excite curiosity and perhaps suspicion; they were plunged into consternation by this unwelcome arrangement, and most particularly Virginia.

"Come, come along," cried Buveur.

Augusta now ventured to say, "We have been used to sleep in the same room; since Harry has been ill, he wants me to attend upon him."

“O never mind that,” said the host, “he shall be taken care of, you must all do as I choose here.”

The last words were pronounced in a tone which gave them plainly to understand, they must do as he commanded, and with sinking hearts and reluctant steps they took opposite directions, and followed their conductors.

Just as Virginia lost sight of her friend, she perceived, skulking in a corner behind the kitchen door, the contracted form of the mendicant, bent in watchful and suspicious attention, as he glanced his keen and terror striking eye around him.

She started and hurried from the sight of an object which inspired her with a degree of painful apprehension and tre-

mulous terror that shook every nerve. As an only alternative, and in the faint hope that the landlord was not in league with this creature, and that she might find a protector in him, she addressed him, saying,

“Who is that horrid looking old man?”

“What old man?” he interrogated.

“He who came to ask charity of us in the bower.”

“What, the old beggar? it is easy enough to see what he is; there is nothing very horrid in him.”

“He is not what he appears to be,” cried Virginia, catching hold of Buveur’s arm, and looking eagerly in his face,

“I am confident he is not. O! let him not remain in your house! you know not what mischief he may intend.”

“Ah pa! nonsense! I know the man as well as I do my own son; he has begged about the town these twenty years. A poor harmless creature who has much to do to keep himself and his deaf and dumb daughter; he is a little out of his mind at times, and then he looks strange, and does not know what he is about, but he never hurts any body.”

They were now passing through a chamber, from which a door opened into another, which the host told Virginia was that she was to occupy.

“And who is to sleep in this outer one?” asked Virginia.

“Why, what does that signify?” returned Buveur.

“O honest man!” she now exclaimed in a tone of supplication, and grasping his arm, “consider that I am in your power, and claim your protection! I promise faithfully you shall not be a loser by proving my friend. For mercy sake do not betray me! and tell me, O! tell me, who is to sleep in this room!”

“In this room! why me and my wife; what are you afraid of? Did not I tell you before I would not betray you? nobody shall harm you while you remain here.”

Somewhat re-assured, and hoping that she had succeeded in softening his heart towards her, Virginia no longer detain-

ed him, but entered the room appointed for her. On shutting the door, she thought she heard him fasten it in some way on the outside, and on trying it, she found that she was not mistaken and again her heart sunk. She examined the window, it was barred, and she felt that she was to all intents and purposes a prisoner.

CHAP. II.



In thy pure breast, although the passions dwell,
They're train'd by virtue and no more rebel;
But have so long been active on her side,
That passion now might be itself thy guide.

CRABBE.

ALL Virginia's terrors now returned upon her mind, and she paced the room in the utmost disorder. There was no way of fastening the door on the inside, nor was there a moveable piece of furniture in the room, which she might have placed against it. Indeed there was not a single thing in the apartment but the bed, which was fixed in a recess inclo-

sed by folding doors, which on being shut concealed it from view. This method of converting a chamber into a sitting room, is very prevalent even in the commonest houses in France.

The host had taken away the light, saying that the moon was so bright, a candle would be superfluous. Virginia opened the window, for the room was close, and she felt extremely oppressed. The scene from it was pleasing and picturesque; it looked upon the garden, beyond which was seen the river silvered by the moon beams; but Virginia had at this moment no eyes for the beauties of nature, and though she placed herself on the window seat, (which was the only one in the room,) and looked wistfully through the bars, she knew not what she was gazing at. She now endeavoured to persuade herself that what the host

had said might be true, and that the beggar really was what he appeared to be, and that the extraordinary manner in which he had observed them, and even his attempt to whisper to her, had been occasioned by the temporary derangements the host had said he was subject to. But then she recalled the words he had uttered, so applicable, and obviously premeditated, yet, on repeating them she perceived that they were such as a real mendicant might have spoken without any peculiar meaning, and she tried to think that it was her own exaggerated apprehension, which had prepossessed her with the horror this object had inspired.

A noise in the adjoining room now startled her, and she distinctly heard the footstep of a man, and the voice of the host wishing good night to some person,

and she concluded he was about to retire to bed, and had accosted some one who had left him at the chamber door. But the total silence that succeeded induced her to believe that the room was again vacated, and she approached the door to look through a crack she had discerned in it, hoping to find out how it was fastened on the outside, for she was certain there was no lock. She put her eye to the aperture, through which she could plainly perceive that part of the room exactly opposite, where was placed a table and near it a chair, at that moment occupied by the mendicant! With indescribable horror Virginia gazed upon the tattered disgusting figure, who was very composedly disengaging his head from the wraps that were about it. Virginia sunk on her knees, unable to support herself, but leaning against the door she still kept her eyes rivetted on the ob-

ject of her detestation, for such she no longer doubted it to be, for he suddenly arose, and she instantly recognized the stature of Malfoi. It was no longer the decrepid beggar, bowed down with years, but a tall erect figure, who at the same moment that he rose, untied a string that passed over his head, and laid his disgusting beard on the table.

His movement was a signal for Virginia to fly from the door. She darted to the window, and shook the bar with all her strength, but it was immoveable. The thought now struck her of concealing herself within the recess, where stood the bed, and closing the doors: this was no sooner suggested, than she attempted to execute it, but in vain, for the hinge of one of the doors was broke, and she could not move it, and even could she have succeeded, to have remained in that

close place any time, would have been running the risk of suffocation. Again she returned to the window; the night air blew chill from the water on her trembling frame, and casting her cloak about her, she sat down, keeping her eyes fixed on the door, while she endeavoured to calm her terrors, by recollecting how frequently Malfoi had submitted to her influence, and persuading herself that he would not be entirely deaf to her agonized prayers and supplications. She could no longer entertain a doubt of Buveur's being in league with him, and was therefore convinced she had nothing to hope from him.

For nearly two hours she remained in this state; it had been late when she had retired, and daylight now began to appear, but the noise of mirth, and vulgar revelry had not totally ceased within the

cabaret, and she rejoiced to hear it, for she believed it secured her from the intrusion of her neighbour.

Every thing in the adjoining room had been perfectly quiet for some time, and in another half hour the same stillness pervaded the whole house : repose seemed to have shed its influence over it, and Virginia entertained a sanguine hope that her persecutor had fallen asleep. With cautious and inaudible steps she again repaired to the door, and applied her eye to the crack, but it was obscured by something which prevented her seeing through it, and while endeavouring to ascertain what it was, she plainly perceived another eye in close approximation to her own ; and it was evident that the being she so much dreaded had adopted the same method of watching her movements, that she had resorted to,

to satisfy her anxiety. Congealed with terror, she staggered from the door, the bolt of which she now heard slowly withdrawn. Frantic with alarm, she beat herself against the window by the violence with which she flew to it, but there was no escape for her. She glanced towards the door; the appalling object was already within it. She sunk on her knees, and wringing her hands in speechless anguish with ardent supplication, yet silent eloquence she bent to him for mercy, but despaired of it when he caught her in his arms, and pressed her passionately to his bosom. She no longer struggled to get free! She replied not to his vehement protestations! She repelled not his demonstrations of affection! Pale and senseless her cheek, rested on his shoulder, her passive form sunk into his arms, and her perturbed spirit was at length at rest!

Had then the gentle soul of Virginia found everlasting peace? Had then the accumulated horrors of her sad sad destiny driven it precipitately to eternity? Had it for ever flown its region of misery? A voice sweet as the cherubims' celestial choir to her ear had charmed her to unconsciousness! a form heavenly as angels to her eyes, saluted them as she awoke to bliss! And was she then in heaven? Ah yes! a heaven to her! Villeroy's arms supported her! Villeroy's eyes beamed on her! Villeroy's voice recalled her to life and happiness!

It was many minutes ere Virginia could give utterance to her joy and amazement, or even admit the evidence of her senses, while Villeroy gave eloquent expression to his feelings, and at length succeeded in calming her excessive perturbation, which found relief in a violent flood of

tears. Joy was the source they sprung from, and in their course they swept away every vestige of unhappiness.

When able to speak with any degree of composure, Villeroy apologized for the sudden manner in which he had intruded, but he dared not knock or request permission to enter, as some persons slept in another room, which was only separated from his by a thin wooden partition, and who might certainly have overheard him. For which reason he had been as silent as possible while in his chamber, and moved with the utmost caution. He was aware that Virginia had not reposed herself, as he heard her pacing the room, and on perceiving, through the crack, that she had observed him, and was probably prepared to expect his entrance, he no longer hesitated, not having the most distant idea that his

sudden appearance would occasion Virginia such horror and alarm, imagining that as it was now day, and his face totally undisguised she would recognize him instantly.

Nor was he quite certain that this discovery would be unexpected, for he believed his demeanour in the arbour must have excited a suspicion in her breast, and if she had heard the purport of what he had whispered in her ear every doubt must be dissolved, and he rather thought she had, and imputed her manner on the occasion to extreme surprize and alarm lest the the people, whom it may be remembered took possession of a seat close to them, might overhear or observe them.

But Virginia was so prepossessed with the idea that it was Malfoi, that she

could not, admit a doubt of it, and at the time she had first observed him through the crack, his back had been towards her, and his figure strengthened the conviction; nor upon his sudden entrance could she immediately overcome her antipathy so much as to compel her eyes to rest upon his face. The voice, and language first convinced her of her error, and occasioned a wild uncertainty of delirious hope! But once convinced that she was not again mistaken, the excessive revulsion in her sensations was more than she could support, and for a few moments she was deprived of sense and motion.

CHAP. III.



For pathos oft see forms fantastic join'd,
To dare is common ; sense to few confin'd ;
E'en charms themselves become, when ill applied,
A chaos of discordant parts allied,
The unharmonious tones together jar,
Contrast, and contradiction differ far.

From the French of the Abbé de Lille.

WHILE Villeroy is slightly sketching to the attentive Virginia the circumstances that led to their present rencontre, and hastening to inform her of the project he had in contemplation, by which he hoped to accomplish their return to England, it will be adviseable that I should enter more at large into this ex-

planation, which nevertheless I shall endeavour to make as brief as consistency will permit, being fully aware that the explanatory part of a story is always the most tedious, owing in most cases to the facility with which the reader, (especially if he be one experienced in the labyrinths of mystery,) can penetrate into the causes and events, which though simple in themselves, are productive of such wonderful consequences. But as these wonderful consequences, cannot possibly be introduced without being accounted for with precision and regularity, I am compelled in justice to myself, to unweave the tissue, and submit the materials to the inspection of the reader, who though it may afford no very great entertainment, can thus alone be enabled to form a just opinion of the merits or demerits of the performance, and judge whether it is only calculated to dazzle at

a *coup d' œil*, while every minutiae is imperfect, or whether it be regularly woven with neat and precise accuracy, gradually arriving at perfection. For herein lies the principal art of the constructor, or to drop metaphor, the chief merit of the framer of a fictitious story.

It is easy enough to assert that such and such things came to pass, no matter how astonishing or unexpected, the detail seldom fails to prove interesting, but the difficulty consists in accounting for them simply and naturally.

Impossibility cannot be admitted, and improbability must be avoided, if it is in the nature of things to exist without its support. However it is a very seasonable auxiliary when all others fail, and as it so frequently appears on the theatre of real life, I humbly imagine it is not

totally inadmissable in a picture of it, though I wish as seldom as possible to have recourse to its assistance.

As the relation I am about to enter on, is closely connected with the peculiar destiny of one of the individuals, who has long since been introduced to the reader, (though we have been somewhat remiss in etiquette in having so long delayed to pay her a visit,) I hope that circumstance will in some measure qualify the soporiferous properties of recrimination.

We left Colonel Villeroy and Clifford closely pursuing those studies so congenial to their tastes, and thus they wore away the winter.

Amongst the other early productions of the spring, the seeds of discord rapidly

sprung up, and its sanguinary blossoms soon burst forth. On finding that Mrs. Pelham disregarded the intimation of danger, which his letters conveyed to her, Villeroy resolved on hastening to Poitiers; his friend Charles was to accompany him.

The day previous to that fixed on for quitting Paris, Villeroy went out on foot to make some purchases; he was detained longer than he wished, and being impatient to get home, he took a short way, though rather an unpleasant one, through narrow lanes, abounding with wretched and disgusting objects.

He was proceeding with quick steps, eager to escape so disagreeable a scene, when his progress was suddenly arrested by the cries of a Frenchwoman who called after him, intreating if he were an Englishman (which she concluded him,

to be from his appearance) to stop. He immediately complied with the request so vehemently urged. The looks of the woman bespoke terror and disorder ; she spoke with rapidity, conjuring him to follow her, for that a countrywoman of his, who had become her lodger a few days before, was raving mad ; that she could not comprehend one word she said, and was terrified to death by her violence, and at a loss what to do with her.

Villeroy demurred for a moment, conceiving this might only be a trap to inveigle him into the house for the purpose of robbing him ; yet it was *possible* the tale might be true, and the calls of humanity he could not withstand, and he followed his conductor up several pair of stairs. This was one of those nests of vice and wretchedness where each room is separately let to the most abject of the people.

Having reached the fourth story, the woman entered a chamber where sat another female, who, she said, was her daughter ; she was watching by the invalid who had now fallen from her paroxism into a state of torpor, and was stretched on a bed.

Villeroy demanded of the woman if she knew any particulars concerning her lodger, to which she replied in the negative, and added that a few days before, a person had come to inquire if she could accommodate a lodger, to which she had agreed, when the female now on the bed had been brought to the house in a *fiacre*, and carried up stairs in men's arms. That on perceiving her situation, she had refused to admit her, but regardless of her objections, they had left her there ; she was continually bursting into fits, of what she conceived, madness,

being unable to comprehend what she said, and had frightened her so much a few minutes before, that she had run down into the street, scarcely knowing her own intention, and on perceiving a gentleman she thought looked like an Englishman (for a foreigner is almost always distinguishable either by his air or dress) she had determined to appeal to him. The only part of the relation she suppressed was that she had received five *louis* with the unfortunate, who, it was supposed could not survive many days.

Villeroy approached the bed; the sufferer lay on the outside, wrapped in a long night-gown, with a handkerchief bound round her head in the French fashion; her eyes were open, and he ventured to ask her in English, if a friend and countryman could be of any service to her?

She instantly started up, and grasping both his hands with almost frantic fervor she continued gazing in his face for several moments, while her countenance betrayed all the variations of contending emotions: she at length burst into tears and sunk back on her pillow.

Villeroy was inexpressibly shocked, but rejoiced to see her shed tears, believing they would relieve her full heart, and that she might soon be able to give some account of herself. She sobbed audibly for some moments, then entreated him to speak again, that she might be convinced, she had at length found a friend.

The voice was familiar to the ear of Villeroy, and with a degree of horror he admitted the conviction that it was not that of a stranger.

“Who are you? speak, for mercy sake,” he cried, “for surely I have heard that voice before!”

“O! often! often!” she replied in tones of anguish, “Often O! Villeroy, my cousin! behold her who was once the gay, thoughtless, imprudent Cordelia Lethbridge! They say I am mad! O! would that I were! then I should not know myself!”

It would be difficult to give any adequate idea of the deep commiseration and melancholy horror that filled the breast of Villeroy at this discovery; for a few moments he was denied the power of utterance, and his wretched relative ejaculated in piteous accents,

“Will *you* too, desert me?”

“No, never, never,” cried Villeroy,

“never shall you want a friend while I have the power of serving you !”

“ Well, then hear my wretched story !”

“ No, I will hear nothing till you are removed to a place more befitting you.”

Cordelia, though apparently in a dying state, declared she could bear the motion of a carriage, and an hour had not elapsed when she found herself accommodated with every comfort in Villeroy's apartments at the hotel. A physician was immediately summoned to attend her, and a nurse procured.

In the mean time, Villeroy acquainted Clifford with the events of the morning, and observed that it was impossible he could quit his afflicted relative while she continued in her present deplorable state,

what had reduced her to it, he had yet to learn, as she had been too much exhausted by the fatigue of removing to be able to enter on the subject. Charles proposed repairing to Poitiers *alone*, but to this Villeroy objected; there would have been nothing extraordinary in his going with him as his companion and particular friend, but as he was in no way connected with the ladies, there appeared no very plausible pretext for his taking so long a journey solely on their account.

Villeroy could not approve of the measure; conscious as he was that Augusta was the object of attraction to Charles, and that his presence would distress her, and still more any demonstration of his sentiments, at least till a few months more had elapsed.

This he pretty plainly hinted to

Charles, adding, that he trusted his cousin's recovery would speedily permit him to quit Paris, when they would both repair to Poitiers, should their friends still continue there, which however he should advise them by all means *not* to do. Charles very unwillingly agreed in the justice of his friend's observation and most sincerely wished *Madame de Generale* had been safe under the protection of her *dignified* spouse, the *ci-devant Traiteur*.

Under these circumstances, Villeroy had written to Poitiers, begging Mrs. Pelham no longer to delay her journey. He learnt from the hapless Cordelia (when she was able to make the communication) that on receiving a letter from her father, expressive of the strong resentment, totally disinheriting her, and discarding her for ever, her husband had

been perfectly furious; his behaviour towards her immediately changed, and in the course of a very short time, he conducted himself with perfect brutality; sent off her companion, Miss Pringle, and when he had spent all she could give him, he left her without any warning, or any trace by which she might have followed him, and with only a few pounds in her possession. She was immediately forced to quit the residence she had till then occupied, and had [scarcely taken up her abode at one of an inferior description, when the terror and misery she had endured precipitated the loss of the hapless fruits of this detestable union, and she was reduced to the brink of the grave for want of proper nourishment and attendance.

The people where she then lodged, conceiving she must die very shortly, determined to avoid the inconvenience

such an event would occasion them, and spite of all her supplications, and remonstrances, removed her to the place where Villeroy had found her, leaving five guineas with the people, a small portion of the sum for which they had disposed of her wardrobe.

I shall not dwell on the sufferings of this self-devoted victim; suffice it to say, she lingered a considerable time on the verge of the grave, during which Villeroy continued unremitting in his attentions to her, and she had every comfort her situation would admit of, but they came too late to avert her early doom,

CHAP. IV.



How long the hero, by unskilful hands
Strip'd of his robes, a beggar trod our lands ;
O'er his smooth skin a bark of wrinkles shed ;
Old age disgrac'd the honors of his head ;
Nor longer in his heavy eye-ball shin'd
The glance divine, forth beaming from his mind.

W. BROOME.

ON the very day that the unfortunate Cordelia was released from her miseries, Villeroy received private intelligence from a French gentleman, in the cabinet of Bonaparte, that orders were already

issued for the detention of the English, and would certainly be put in execution in the capital the very next day. This gentleman had contracted a great partiality for our Englishmen, with whom he had been in some degree of intimacy since they had been at Paris ; he was one of the literati and sometimes shared or assisted their studies.

In the present exigency he advised them to lose no time in endeavouring to escape from the country under favor of some disguise which might prevent their being recognised as Britons, otherwise they would be detained as prisoners before they could possibly reach the coast.

He desired them, under favor of night, to repair to his house, when he hoped he should be able to procure them such passports as they might require.

This communication occasioned the

strongest consternation to Villeroy and Charles, who had intended setting off for Poitiers the moment they had seen the remains of the deceased deposited in their last home. The last intelligence they had received from Poitiers had informed them Mrs. Pelham was too ill to remove from thence, and they dreaded that their fair friends would now be detained as prisoners ; indeed they entertained scarce a doubt of it. But still hoping that the order for arrestation would not be put in force so immediately in that remote department as in the vicinity of the metropolis, their first wish was to hasten to Poitiers ; for to quit the country while ignorant of the fate of their beloved friends, and uncertain if they were not leaving them behind in captivity, was out of the question. They first thought of endeavouring to pass themselves off for Americans, but on reflection they found that would be im-

possible, as they must in the first place have obtained passports in Paris, where, (by the persons to whom they must have applied to for them) they were very well known; that was therefore impracticable.

After much deliberation, they at length suggested the scheme which they afterwards put in practice, and fixed on the disguises they thought would most effectually conceal them, and avert suspicion.

Charles, though he could now speak French very tolerably, was not sufficiently conversant in the pronunciation to admit of the possibility of his passing for a native of the country, and he suggested the idea of affecting to be deaf and dumb, with which he was greatly pleased, as it would save him the trouble of supporting

a more arduous character, in which he was apprehensive he should have betrayed himself. He was delighted with the project ; there was something romantic in it ; and he had not felt so happy for the last year, as he did while enjoying, in contemplation, their approaching adventures. Villeroy, on presenting the physician who had attended his ill-fated cousin, with a handsome present, and informing him that he was obliged on urgent business to absent himself, received a promise from him that he would take care that the obsequies of the deceased should be decently performed, which promise he faithfully kept.

Having finally arranged with the master of the hotel, Villeroy and Charles repaired by a circuitous route to the house of their friend, to whom they imparted

their scheme, the former informing him that he had a sister at Poitiers, and he was determined to repair there before he attempted to quit France. The gentleman behaved in the most friendly manner; in the course of a few hours they were supplied with passports, stating Villeroy to be a poor beggar returning to Poitiers, his native place, and Charles to be his daughter! *Who* had executed them, or *how* they had been obtained, our friends never enquired; the French gentleman had perhaps the power of granting them himself. Their dresses were furnished from a masquerade warehouse, and by day break every thing was ready for their departure, and taking a most grateful leave of their French friend, whose house was in the suburbs of the city, they set out on their route, which

he had good naturedly drawn out for them.

This man was really a gentleman, and a very worthy one, notwithstanding he was a confidential servant of the First Consul, who, as I before observed, at that time inspired many estimable people with respect; for those who had witnessed all the horrors of the revolution, were comparatively in paradise under the existing government, and gladly accepted any situation in which they could prove serviceable to the state, or support themselves and families, long exposed to all the vicissitudes of fortune. The liberal-minded should not therefore condemn every one who served under Bonaparte, any more than every one who is so unfortunate as to be a native of France; a custom very prevalent and equally unjust! owing to which, many a worthy

individual is despised and detested with all that acrimony and absurd violence excited by national antipathy.

But I must not be supposed to have wandered again from my original theme ; I merely stated the above, to prove that Villeroy and Clifford had not humbled themselves in receiving an obligation from a Frenchman.

They met with a variety of odd adventures under favour of their disguises, but succeeded in evading detection, and as I am all impatience to return to Tours, I shall not relate them. In order to avoid particular towns, they did not always keep the direct road, and after travelling in various ways, sometimes on foot, sometimes in carts, and at others elevated, as a great *distinction*, in the basket of a *diligence* they found them-

selves in the neighbourhood of Tours, and as night was coming on, they resolved to repair to the first *cabaret* that presented itself in the outskirts of the town, intending to recommence their journey at day break without entering it.

CHAP. V.



For I myself like you have been distrest,
Till heav'n afforded me this place of rest.
Like you, an alien in a land unknown,
I learn to pity woes so like my own.

DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

LE petit Lion d'or, attracted the attention of the mendicant and his daughter, and after some importunity, and giving a few *sous* as earnest that they could pay for what they wanted, they were per-

mitted to enter the *neat comfortable prepossessing* abode of *Pandolfe Andrés Trufaldin Buveur*, who was a shrewd, penetrating, sharp fellow. He had once been a soldier, and had married the daughter of the late proprietor of *Le petit Lion d'or*, which had now devolved to him. His life had been a series of extraordinary adventures, which had they been detailed in narrative might have formed a history little less amusing than that of *Gil Blas de Santillane*.

It is to be hoped that Buveur may undergo yet another metamorphosis, and, (conceiving himself called upon by *his duty to the public* to exert his talents) turn author, and favour the world with a biographical account of so illustrious a character. One trifling circumstance alone militated against his adopting such a measure, which was simply this—he could

barely write his own name. But still the case is by no means hopeless, he might rapidly improve *sufficiently* to enable him to set about the task proposed with quite as many essentials to assist him in its performance, as various of his contemporaries.

Howbeit this genius was experienced in nothing more than an aptness in penetrating through any disguise, he having been several times made prisoner by the enemy, and always found means to escape under an assumed character, and while Villeroy and Charles were discoursing over what he had put before them, he narrowly observed them, and his suspicions were excited by perceiving Charles make a face at the sour bad bread, which plainly denoted he had not been accustomed to such fare : they were farther confirmed, when Charles turned

his head round, at a sudden noise in the apartment, by which it was evident he was not *deaf*. Buveur could also discern a youthful vivacity in the quick darting eye of Villeroy, though shaded by a heavy grey brow, that little corresponded with its expression.

The mendicant and his daughter had not finished their meal, nor the host his unobserved inspection of them, when a travelling pedlar arrived at the *cabaret*, and while regaling on his bread and onions, he entered into conversation with Buveur. The pedlar was an intelligent fellow, and seemed to have gathered all the news he could upon his road, and amongst other things, he mentioned that two days before, being travelling in the *Département du Cher*, he had encountered some soldiers who were in pursuit of two English ladies who had escaped from Bourges.

Buveur asked if they had been imprisoned there? to which the pedlar replied, that he understood that *three* ladies had come from Poitiers under an escort, that one of them had been so ill they were obliged to stop at Bourges, where she had died, and the other two had escaped; that it was supposed the officer who had charge of them had abetted their flight, and furnished them with the means of getting away, as they had not been heard of since, and it was reported they had gone to Rochefort, and from thence embarked on board a neutral vessel, which had sailed for England.

It required all the self-command Villeroy and Charles possessed to enable them to retain a semblance of indifference, while attending to this communication, which they could not doubt rela-

ted to those respecting whom they were most interested.

Charles felt disappointed, and the probability that the objects of their solicitude had effected their escape from the country, could not immediately reconcile him to the thoughts of the various casualties which would in all likelihood intervene to extend the period of their separation.

Villeroy partook of similar sensations, but he condemned them as selfish. A heavy dejection came over him as he reflected that he should now have no excuse for indulging himself in the society of Virginia, whom he had so often resolved to avoid, but he found absence had not as yet contributed to the restoration of his peace.

The pedlar having dropped the subject which had rivetted their attention, they became impatient for an opportunity of consulting in private respecting the information they had gained, and the host at that moment recommended them to retire to the garden, as the room was getting crowded; the fact was, he believed the scene was what they were very little accustomed to, and that they would be glad to escape it.

No sooner were they alone, than they gave utterance to their thoughts, and both agreed that as the object of their journey was frustrated, and they did not doubt that some powerful person had assisted their friends in accomplishing their escape, the best thing they could do would be to leave the French territories as soon as possible.

But how could they effect this? it required much reflection and deliberation before that question could be answered either by Villeroy or Clifford; but a third person suddenly made his appearance, who seemed much less at a loss on on the subject.

Buveur had taken the liberty of creeping after them, and listening to every thing they had said, and he knew enough of the English language (having been more than once in England) to comprehend that they were debating how it would be possible to reach their own country, and by their voices (for the *dumb* person was even more voluble than his companion) he was convinced they were both men.

A pause occurring he presented him-

self before them to their utter consternation. He addressed them, saying,

“Gentlemen, excuse my intrusion; you have nothing to fear from me; I penetrated your disguise almost as soon as I beheld you.

“I have been a prisoner several times myself, and know too well what it is to betray you, but on the contrary, I will do what I can to assist you, which I do not think is quite out of my power, and I have no doubt of your inclination to repay me liberally, for I know the English are all rich; and so they should be, for they are willing enough to give.”

Having recovered his dismay at finding that they were discovered, Villeroy rejoiced to perceive that this man seemed inclined to serve them, and taking some money from his pocket, he put it into his

VIRGINIA.

hand, assuring him they would most liberally reward him, could he enable them to accomplish their design.

Buveur renewed his professions of friendship, and after reflecting a few moments, he said,

“ There is an American captain at this very time at Tours ; he married a Frenchwoman who has some relations settled here, and he is on a visit to them ; but having an eye to profit as well as pleasure, he has hired a small trading vessel, and is freighting it with merchandize to transport down the river and put on board his own ship, which is lying in some harbour on the coast. I was on the quay this morning, and had some conversation with him ; perhaps he may be induced for a handsome bribe to take you on board ; I will sound him, if you

like it ; meantime, you will be safe enough in my house in your present characters."

The gentlemen perfectly approved of Buveur's proposition, and the next day they had the satisfaction of receiving an assurance from him, that the American was every thing they could wish, and was willing to receive them on board the vessel then lying at the quay, and transport them in it to his own ship, which was bound for England, and he would supply them with whatever they might require, on conditions that he should receive two hundred pounds upon safely landing them on British ground. They gladly complied with the terms, however exorbitant, and every thing was finally arranged by Buveur with the American. The vessel was to sail from Tours the next day, and they were to go on board early in the morning.

Towards night the gentlemen repaired to the common room for a short time to support their assumed characters; they had not been long there, when the *cabriolet* stopped before the door, and the two young sailors entered the *cabaret*. They observed that they conversed together in English, and this, as well as their remarkably clean and neat appearance, not exactly characteristic of their profession, attracted their attention. They continued to scan them with much curiosity, while they endeavoured to catch the sound of their voices as they spoke in a low tone, little of accord with their masculine habit. But when the host began to question them, which he did, (prepossessed with the idea that they were no other than the ladies whom the pedlar had told him had escaped from Bourges) the attentive listeners could scarcely contain their emotion, which in-

creased every moment, as they became farther confirmed in the delightful suspicion that had suggested itself, and when the host held the candle before those faces, which, spite of paint and darkened eye-brows, were instantly recognized by Villeroy and Clifford, it was with the greatest difficulty they resisted springing forward to welcome those beloved beings, and giving utterance to the tumultuous happiness they experienced at again beholding them.

No sooner had the ladies retired to the bower than they hastened to follow them, hoping for an opportunity of making themselves known to them, but scarcely had they joined them when the approach of other persons frustrated their intention.

Charles felt repaid for months of misery while Augusta was hanging over

him in tender commiseration for the deaf and dumb beggar girl, and experienced such happiness at that moment, that he would not, if he could, have discovered himself, as by so doing, he must necessarily have been deprived of her gratifying attention.

Villeroy most anxious to convey a portion of his own joy to the breast of Virginia, and to convince her she had nothing to apprehend, whispered in her ear, "I am Villeroy! Virginia, do you not know me?" The effect this produced has already been depicted.

The appearance of Buveur terminated this interview, and he, perceiving that one of the ladies, (for such he was convinced they were,) was greatly alarmed, and anxious to quit his house, thought it by no means improbable that they might

make a successful attempt to escape in the night, should he permit them to occupy the same room, and thus he should lose the emolument he hoped to gain by befriending them, which he had it in his power to do without any trouble to himself, by making them of the same party with the English gentlemen.

He was convinced by Virginia's enquiries, as he was conducting her to her room, that she had formed an erroneous opinion of the mendicant, and for fear of augmenting the terrors he saw she entertained, he forbore to tell her that the object she so much dreaded was to occupy the next apartment to her, but to pacify her, told her a fictitious tale concerning him.

The only way by which he could secure the door, was with a wooden bolt on the outside.

As he was conducting Villeroy to his chamber, he said to him, "One of those young sailors who arrived to-night sleeps in the room inside your's; don't open the door, or you will frighten the poor lad. He and the other want to get on board a American; they might go by the same opportunity with you. I will go to the captain about them by times in the morning, and see if he is willing to take them. They seem poor soft fellows that don't know how to help themselves."

Having said this, he wished him good night as he entered his chamber, which Virginia overheard. Buveur retired applauding his own cunning in imposing so cleverly (as he thought) on the gentlemen, for he wished to prevent their taking any active steps in behalf of their country-women, which he imagined they might have done had they known them

to be such, in which case *he* would not have been so justly entitled to all the credit of the service, or to the proportionable reward.

Once on board the vessel, and he cared not how soon the discovery was made, as he should then have received a due compensation for keeping the secrets of both.

Before they had parted for the night, Charles and Villeroy had agreed that they should propose taking the young sailors on board with them, and the latter had said he would mention it to Buveur before he retired.

He had been about to do so, when Buveur himself had started the subject, but in a manner which proved that whether *he* was or was not imposed upon, he

wished to impose on Villeroy, and as he seemed already resolved to do every thing Villeroy would have requested, he permitted him to imagine him deceived, resolving, if possible, to make himself known to Virginia, and relieve any apprehensions she might entertain.

Such a discovery under their present circumstances, could only be made in private, and hearing that she paced her chamber in restless agitation, and doubting not she experienced the strongest uneasiness at being separated from Augusta, and at the difficulty of their escaping from that country, he ventured to present himself before her. What immediately followed is already known.

CHAP. VI.



'Twas her own hour of contemplation calm,
When the hush'd air exhales a holy balm,
No falling leaf the solemn stillness broke,
But nature listened while a lover spoke.

HODGSON.

A rapid sketch of what I have thus given at large, Villeroy communicated to Virginia, and he became extremely anxious that she should detail the particulars of what had occurred to herself and Augusta since he had last heard from

them: but this he could not prevail upon her to enter into on the present occasion.

The purport of Mrs. Pelham's will instantly presented itself to her mind, and she blushed at the mere suggestion, but it was impossible she could even hint at it, and having conversed farther on the subject of their departure, and agreed that she should not appear as if previously acquainted with the means by which their escape was to be facilitated, when Buveur should inform her of it, she with secret reluctance reminded Villeroy of the propriety of his retiring to his own room.

But still there were a thousand inquiries to make, and a thousand questions to ask, and still Villeroy lingered, starting with rapidity a variety of subjects, on which he appeared anxious to

be satisfied, but in truth merely for an excuse to remain a little longer.

At length Virginia declared she would answer no more questions.

“Well, I will go instantly,” cried Villeroy, “but tell me why were you so violently alarmed at my first appearance? who could you possibly take me for?”

“I cannot tell you now, I will some other time perhaps, pray go.”

“I will, I will, but one word more,—poor Mrs. Pelham! do tell me was her death precipitated by fatigue or unhappiness?”

“I fear it was! alas! she was indeed a friend to—to us all.”

“ Poor soul ! I fear her latter days were very wretched ! the loss of her nephew, no doubt, added greatly to her affliction ! ”

“ How ! were you acquainted with his death ? ” cried Virginia, whose interest in the subject silenced her urgent entreaties to Villeroy to retire, while he, delighted in having succeeded in again evading them, pursued the theme with an appearance of interest, which in reality he did not feel, concerning Mrs. Pelham’s nephew. To Virginia’s question he replied,

“ I accidentally heard of the young man’s death just before I left Paris, but I believe it is some months since it took place, though I never heard Mrs. Pelham mention it !— She must have been greatly stocked ; I believe he was her heir

too! I know not if he had any children."

"No, he had not," replied Virginia, with some trepidation; "at his death all our friend's property was at her own disposal."

"And why, my Virginia, my sister," he quickly added, "surely I may call you my sister, you always used to permit me that indulgence! Why, my sister, are you so agitated in speaking of your poor friend?"

"O! she was so very very good to me, so liberal, so kind!"

"Not more so than you merited, I can assert, no, not even had she left you all she possessed. Yet heaven forbid she should have done so!" An uneasy expres-

sion marked his countenance as the idea shot across his mind, that if such should actually be the case, Virginia was removed farther than ever from him; for she whom *portionless* he had not wooed, he never would have sought when fortune smiled on her.

“O no, she has not left me all,” cried Virginia eagerly, and terrified lest she should in her agitation betray what she most wished to conceal.

“Ten thousand pounds she left, that is all, and more ten thousand times than I deserved! the rest she has bestowed on one more worthy of it. But go, pray go, I entreat you. Listen, the clock is striking, you have been here almost two hours, O, pray be gone?”

“Not *two* hours, my sister; it had

struck three some time before I dared intrude on you. But I will go since you are so distressed! but do not think I shall fall asleep; no, I will sit and guard my new found treasure." Colouring deeply, he added with rapidity, as he snatched her hands to his lips,

"Adieu, my sister, but for a little while."

With these words he disappeared, while tears of joy and tumultuous pleasure burst from the eyes of Virginia, while she elevated her thoughts in gratitude to that Power who had preserved her through every danger, and restored her to the protection of the being most dear to her, at the moment too, that she had actually believed her very worst apprehensions verified. She now laid down

on the bed, but surely it is unnecessary to say she obtained not a moment's oblivion, was it in nature after such violent agitation, and under such circumstances?

CHAP. VII.



Wistful she gazed, and knew her not,
But nature to her heart conveyed
A sudden thrill, a startling thought,
A feeling many a year forgot.
Now like a dream anew recurring
With straining neck, and earnest eye
She stretched her hand imploringly,
As if she fain would have her nigh,
Yet feared to meet the wish'd embrace,
At once with love and awe oppress.

Southy's Curse of Ikehama.

MEANTIME Augusta reposed in a small room, (within that occupied by the host and hostess) enjoyed pleasing, though

not unbroken slumber, for she awoke frequently, and so strongly were the features of the deaf and dumb suppliant impressed on her mind, that she could almost fancy she still beheld her.

She was the first object that presented itself to her waking thoughts, and that which formed the entire subject of her dreams; in short she seemed almost to haunt her, and scarcely could she think of any thing else. The speaking animated eyes, whose rays seemed commixing with the moon beams, and softened by their influence as they were cast up to the arm that bent over her; the energetic gratitude conveyed in the fervent pressure of the lips to the hand that relieved her; and the whole cast of the features so striking, so inexpressibly interesting to the heart of Augusta; this powerful combination operated so strongly on her

nerves, as completely to exclude every image, save one, from her mind.

O why did the long unconsciously cherished idea of Charles Clifford constantly connect itself with that of the deaf and dumb beggar? and why, when she dreamt that she was offering money to the latter, did she fancy her suddenly transformed into the former, pouring forth in vehement language, protestations of unalterable love in the humble attitude of supplication?

How frequently did Augusta start from these pleasing illusions, and mentally exclaim

“ O ! how striking a resemblance ! but for the long dark hair it had been perfect ! Yes, cast in the self-same mould ! O that I could relieve this hapless girl ! and

raise her above want, and save her from her wretched fate: Alas! how wretched! with so much feeling and sensibility, yet labouring under such dreadful deprivations, and exposed to the horrors of a destiny, of which the bare suggestion makes me shudder.

“There was a time when I could have succoured the indigent, and might have had the inexpressible pleasure of raising an afflicted being of my own sex from infamy and want, but now I am myself friendless in a foreign country, and have little to bestow, save compassion.”

She arose at an early hour, though she could not quit her chamber till the host thought proper to let her out, as she had locked her in.

Charles had spent the night in recalling

a thousand times the looks and accents of Augusta, and in encouraging idle dreams, of still enjoying a short time longer, under favor of his disguise, a peculiar portion of her attention.

He rose about six o'clock, and repaired to Villeroy's room, anxious to know if he had arranged every thing with Buveur respecting the young sailors.

He found his friend busied in reassuming his disguise, and nearly metamorphosed again into the aged mendicant.

Charles of course wore his female attire. It was observed in a former description of him that he was not above the middle stature as a man, but he appeared very tall as a woman, though not uncommonly so; the miserable rags of which his outer garments were construct-

ed hung loose about his figure, and a black wig of long hair streaming about his face from beneath, a coloured handkerchief tied over his head, gave him altogether a somewhat feminine aspect.

Villeroy immediately acquainted him with what Buveur had said concerning their friends; he also told him that he had had an interview with Virginia, and that it appeared most prudent they should none of them betray a knowledge of each other.

“Well, but does *Augusta* know whom we are?” eagerly interrogated Charles.

“No, certainly, not at present,” returned his friend, “unless she recognised us, but had that been the case, she would of course have mentioned it to Virginia.”

“ I hope Virginia will not inform her yet,” continued Charles, “ but tell me what did she say ? how did they ——.”

Charles was interrupted by the entrance of Buveur. He told them that he had already been on the quay, and seen the American captain, whose name was Petkin. The vessel was to sail in about an hour, as there was a fine breeze for carrying her down the river.

“ So as soon as you have had your breakfasts,” continued Buveur, “ you had better go on board ; I will take you round to her in my boat, which you can get into at the bottom of my garden, so you will avoid all danger of being interrupted. And now I must go and tell the young sailor, he may go by the same opportunity, as the captain says he is willing to take them both ; I have just

told the other : your breakfast is ready for you below.

“ Buveur spoke in a low voice, and as the gentlemen left the room, which they perceived he was anxious they should do, he unbolted the door of the inner apartment, and, after requesting permission, entered it, and acquainted Virginia with the result of his exertions to serve her, and of the opportunity offered them for effectually escaping, little suspecting that she was already apprised of it.

He concluded by saying, that as he conceived they would not disagree about terms, they might make their own bargain with the American when once on board.

Virginia gave Buveur twenty *louis*, which was more than half of all she then

possessed, she and Augusta having divided between them all that they retained on leaving Bourges.

Buveur seemed very thankful, and pocketed the gold with great glee, as he told her, her friend was waiting breakfast for her. He had before received an equal sum from Augusta, so that he was very well repaid for his exertions, and the two gentlemen had also been most liberal in settling accounts with him, and thus he suddenly became (what he conceived) quite a rich man.

Virginia hastened to join her friend, most impatient to make the important disclosure to her and hoping she should find an opportunity of so doing, but in this she was, for the present disappointed as on joining her in the common room, she found several other persons already

there, and she dared not even in a whisper communicate intelligence so calculated to excite the strongest emotion.

There was a comfortable breakfast prepared for them, more suited to their real than fictitious characters, which indeed the host had considered, for coffee and hot bread were there, and a cloth (though not of a very delicate description) covered the table.

Some sailors were devouring broiled fish in another part of the room, and Virginia as she entered instantly perceived the objects her eyes eagerly sought: the mendicant and his daughter stood apart from every one else, and no sooner did she discover them than she looked another way, fearful of betraying her knowledge of them; and hastening to Augusta, who sat at the breakfast

table, she endeavoured to recollect her assumed character, shook hands heartily with her friend, and asked her if the host had told her about the American, and that they were likely to get back to their country at last?

All this was perfectly in character, though it suited so well the peculiar circumstances of the case.

Augusta replied in the affirmative, and imputed the joyful countenance of Virginia, and the vivacity with which she now seemed inclined to play her part (so contrary to the timid alarm she had betrayed the night before) to the prospect now held out to them, of being speedily relieved from all difficulty and danger.

They began their breakfast, and Augusta turned a commiserating look on

the deaf and dumb girl, and said to Bu-
veur,

“Has that poor creature had any break-
fast?”

No, I don’t think she has,” returned
he, and continued to the mendicant,

“Have you had any thing to eat?”

“No,” was the answer.

“Well, perhaps,” rejoined the host,
“these lads will give you part of their’s,
as you are going down the river with
them, and we are in a hurry just now,
and cannot get you any thing directly.”

“O certainly, certainly,” cried both
the young sailors, and Augusta motioned

to the girl to sit down, and she should have something to eat.

It was *astonishing* the *alacrity* with which she obeyed, and the acuteness displayed in her so rapidly comprehending.

The mendicant, with infirm steps, was sometime longer in approaching the table, and declined sitting down, saying he was not fit company for the noble sailors.

“O sit down, sit down,” cried the host, “they will excuse you, as there is no time to be lost.”

“Aye, sit down poor old fellow,” said Virginia, “don’t mind us; you seem sick and weak. I dare say you have not had a good meal for many a long day.”

“She spoke in miserable French, and continued in English to Augusta, “Here John, give the old man some coffee?”

Virginia never once looked at him while she was speaking, but put on a blunt air and voice, for she was fearful she should not be able to command her countenance, if she met his eye.

At the glance she had caught at him when she first entered, she had felt half startled at beholding him again transformed into the object who had so much terrified her, so totally unlike what he really was.

The mendicant at length sat down, blessing their noble honors.

“Here Henry give him this coffee and some roll,” said Augusta, at the same

time making room for Virginia to come nearer to her, and looking significantly at her, implying that she thought the nearer neighbourhood of the ragged object beside her, had better be avoided.

Virginia appeared to take the hint, and drew closer to her friend, who now said to the mendicant, having first put something before his daughter, which she perceived she had not touched,

“Does not she understand me? she can feed herself, I suppose, can't she?”

The mendicant swallowed the whole contents of his cup before he made any answer, and a slight convulsion seemed to agitate his features, but having composed them he replied,

“Not always, Sir, not always; sometimes she does not know what she is

about. She forgets herself strangely and gets bewildered; but she understands my looks very well; I think she will take it herself now, Sir, if you leave it before her," (alluding to the food.)

The timely and oblique hint conveyed in these words, was very requisite to bring Charles to his recollection, for he seemed almost to have forgotten the necessity for concealing his feelings, or at least not permitting them to evince themselves so very plainly in his speaking countenance, which however he had contrived to disguise more than it had been on the night before, by tying a handkerchief over one cheek, and great part of his chin; so fearful was he that Augusta should recognize him by day light, though he had passed unsuspected in the uncertain shades of the moon. He coloured deeply at his friend's indirect

rebuke, and cast his eyes down on what Augusta had placed before him, but was so much confused, and pleasantly agitated by the extraordinary situation in which he found himself, that he was unable to collect his ideas sufficiently to be conscious of what he ought to do.

Augusta, conceived that the poor girl's senses were wandering, and taking a piece of roll, she held it to her mouth to make her comprehend that she should eat it. She seemed suddenly, strangely affected, and turning her head away, covered her face with her hands.

“What is the matter with her?” cried Augusta to the mendicant, “I fear she is ill, you had better come to her. Why don't you move, old man, you see there is something the matter with your daughter.”

“ O no, Sir,” returned the mendicant, “ there is nothing particular the matter with her, nothing more than usual. She is quite confused with your attention; she is very bashful; poor thing, and not much used to such notice. Never mind her, she will look at me just now, and I will soon make her understand, though she is very hard to manage sometimes. If she does not come to her senses soon, I will come round and shake her well.”

“ Shake her, poor creature !” said Augusta, “ surely you would not be so cruel. You shall not shake her while I am near her, I can tell you, you cross old fellow. Though I am but a lad, I could soon manage such an infirm cripple as you are, and you shall not use the girl ill.”

The mendicant only laughed in reply to this, and the poor girl now began to eat her breakfast, but with very little appetite.

CHAP. VIII.



With belt and shell of pilgrimage,
Of years advanc'd, but green in age,
With ruddy cheek, 'mid' locks of grey,
And whitening beard, and eyes whose ray
Still sparkle with primeval fire,
Forward he comes.

THE CRUSADERS.

NO sooner had they finished their breakfast than Buveur told them he was ready to conduct them in his boat, and added, "as this poor old man cannot

walk very well, I may as well take him, and his daughter too, and save them the trouble of walking round, as it is some distance by land."

The young sailors with active steps hastened to follow Buveur, who led the way through the garden.

But the infirmities of the mendicant prevented his keeping up with them, and he and his daughter were some distance behind, which Virginia observing, suddenly loitered at a turn in the path, and had an opportunity of addressing them for a moment unperceived by Buveur, who was talking with Augusta.

Charles seized the moment, and catching Virginia's hand, he implored with much confusion to keep secret from

Augusta, at least for a short time longer, whom they really were.

"It would be unjust to her," returned Virginia, "I must not."

"Indulge him for a little while," said Villeroy.

Virginia shook her head, and Villeroy whispered to her, "Pray do, for particular reasons which I will explain hereafter." Virginia now nodded assent, and hastened forward.

Charles had been tormenting his friend to influence Virginia to keep the secret from Augusta, urging as a plea that he could not endure to appear before her under such a ridiculous disguise, and also his uncertainty respecting the manner in which she might treat him, which

would perhaps be with chilling reserve, or even with contempt; that such double humiliation he should feel insupportable; but that once on board the American he might assume a male habit, and then he would dare his fate; in short, he prevailed on Villeroy to humour the imposition, which had already been productive of greater happiness to him than he had enjoyed for many months.

They had now reached the margin of the river where the boat waited for them. The mendicant stepped in with rather more activity than was exactly in character.

Being all seated in the boat, Virginia ventured particularly to observe his countenance, and she wondered not that she had been so completely imposed on, for even now that she knew whom it was, she

could scarcely trace a vestige of the original contour, which indeed was in great part concealed; the keen animation of the eyes was alone apparent, and they were so disguised by the heavy grey brow that hung over them, that their natural expression was entirely altered.

A few minutes brought them to the vessel, where the American captain was ready to receive them, and hailed them in their fictitious characters, telling the young sailors he should be glad to have them on board his ship, for he wanted hands, and they might work their passage home.

To the mendicant he said, that to oblige his friend, the master of *Le Petit Lion d'Or*, he would take him and his daughter down the river, and land them where they chose.

Buveur now took his leave, wishing them all well, and as the vessel was still along-side the quay, the captain advised his passengers to go into the cabin, (which was a very small place, such as is seen in some of the smallest description of packets,) saying they had better stay there while the vessel was getting under way.

The fact was, there were many persons standing on the edge of the quay, whom he was afraid might observe and suspect them. He seemed to have forgotten that the young sailors might have been of use on the occasion; his whole crew consisted only of a man and boy belonging to the vessel.

As the passengers were descending to the cabin, he arrested the progress of the mendicant, saying he wished to speak to

him, and taking him apart, he told him he was only waiting for his wife, who was coming on board directly, when he should set sail, but that it was necessary both he and his friend should retain their disguises, and support the characters consistent with them till they were safe on board his ship, both to deceive her and the crew. For he dared not trust his wife with the secret, while there was a possibility of her betraying it to persons who might prove enemies, for it was not unlikely they might have some communication with the shore on their way down the river.

He continued, "my wife is a little perverse at times, and if she was out of humour, or thought I wished to befriend you unknown to her, ten to one, if she would not let out the secret on purpose."

The mendicant promised to profit by this caution, and retired to the cabin as the captain called out one of the young sailors, to whom he gave similar instructions.

When they were all together seated in the cabin, (no very agreeable retreat,) Augusta began questioning the mendicant concerning his destination.

After some hesitation, he replied, he believed he should get the captain to put him on shore at Nantes, and see what success he should have in begging about the neighbourhood.

“What then, you make a trade of begging, I suppose?” said Augusta.

“Yes, I have begged my way from Paris.”

“From Paris!” and why did you not stay there? it was the place of all others where this poor girl ought to have remained; she need only to be seen to excite interest, and a very little exertion, I have no doubt would have been sufficient to have got her admitted into that noble asylum for the deaf and dumb instituted by the Abbe Sicard.”

“And how should a young sailor like you know any thing about the institution for the deaf and dumb, and the Abbe Sicard?” cried the mendicant, “but I conclude you have been a long time in this country, by the fluency with which I now observe you speak the language.”

Augusta, in the energy of the moment had forgotten herself, or rather the character she had assumed, and felt much disconcerted by this observation from the

mendicant, and at a loss how to reply, when the noise of some one coming on board suddenly engaged their attention, and the captain now conducted a very smart showy looking Frenchwoman to the cabin, but neither Villeroy or Charles experienced any portion of pleasure, though a very strong degree of surprise in recognizing their old acquaintance Felice!

The American had met with her while at Paris on business of a commercial nature, and inveigled by her arts, had been taken in to marry her. But he already repented of his precipitation, and resolved to keep a tight rein upon his spouse when he should once have her completely under his dominion.

He had consented to visiting some distant relation of hers at Tours from an

idea of being able to accomplish some lucrative speculation, in which he had not been disappointed.

The lady having taken a survey of her fellow passengers, was not much prepossessed in their favour, and despaired of deriving any amusement from two sailor boys, and two beggars, and stood very impatiently at the door of the cabin, calling to her husband repeatedly to know if she might not come up, which he told her she might do if she wished to have her head knocked off with the boom.

She declared that the beggars were so offensive she could not support being in the same place with them.

This complaint she reiterated several times before her husband answered her at all, but appeared totally regardless of

what she said, till at last he replied shortly,

“ You are a fool.”

She knew enough of English to understand this, and instantly retorted,

“ *Tu est bête ! tu est barbare !* After the interchange of these endearing epithets, the husband maintained an obstinate silence, but the wife persevered in a systematic abuse during the time they were getting under way, scarcely allowing herself leisure to breathe ; occasionally appealing to the young sailors, asking them if her husband was not the vilest wretch in existence ; but they followed his example and continued silent.

And now, while the sails are hoisting,

the anchor weighing, and the little vessel moving slowly from the shore of which we are about to take a final leave, we will take a last look at those persons (left behind) who have engaged any portion of our attention since it has first been directed to this hostile land, and which I shall now do, in order that I may not be obliged to return to it, but briefly relate the events which occurred to these individuals, some subsequent to the flight of our fair friends, and some previous to it.

Malfoi was brought to a court martial, when it appeared that he had in the first place deviated from his orders in bringing his prisoners to Bourges, as that town did not lay in the direct road to their place of destination, but this he had done in order to avoid passing through the place where the regiment he belonged to

was quartered, and where he was afraid the escort might have been changed and some other officer sent on the service he conceived so agreeable.

Mrs. Pelham's inquiry respecting going through Bourges had first put this in his head, and he thought he could easily make up some story to account for his taking that route.

This circumstance which transpired on his trial gave still stronger colour to the probability of his having favoured the escape of his captives, and he was dismissed the service and thrown *sans sous* on the community.

Le Gueux, from what Malfoi had said, in attempting his defence, was suspected and arrested, and by dint of minute inquiry, the active part he had taken to

assist the fugitives became apparent: his property was confiscated, himself thrown into prison, and his family reduced to dependance.

Babet and her husband, either through favour or chance, escaped any punishment, and got possession of the variety of things the ladies had left at the *hotel de la mort*. Gregory was conducted to Verdun, where he met his old acquaintance, Mrs. Hervey, who had been detained so long at Rochefort for want of an opportunity of getting a passage to England, that she became one of the *détenus*, and probably still remains a captive groaning over her misfortunes; while Gregory, though also a prisoner, got a good place with one of his countrymen who put up with his stupidity because he was an Englishman.

Mon General on leaving his wretched

wife at Paris set off for Boulogne, where, on the breaking out of the war, he fitted out a privateer, by which so many of his compatriots had made large fortunes during the late hostilities.

But *Helas! Les Trois Consuls* was taken on her very first cruize and *La grand nation* sustained an irreparable loss in the person of *Le Capitaine, ci-devant General, ci-devant Traiteur*, who now enjoys very comfortable accommodations in Mill Bay prison, and exercises his original calling for the benefit of his fellow prisoners.

We must not forget our old friend his brother boarder, *Chez Madame le Brule*, who owing to his long services in France, and by the exertion of some interest in his favour, was permitted to remain unmolested at L—, to which place *Ma-*

dame Le Brule returned on the marriage of her daughter, and still continues to board the old gentleman to his perfect satisfaction, at which we must rejoice, as he certainly was a very worthy old man, though not born to shine as a linguist.

CHAP. IX.



The secret look of her eye was his !



An aged man he seemed and full of thought !

OSSIAN.

SEE now the little Gallic vessel
spreading her sails to catch her native
breezes that waft her gracefully down
that Beauteous river whose lovely shores

can never be surveyed without the liveliest pleasure and admiration, and as the wandering eye returns to rest upon its glassy surface, we acknowledge the justice of its claim to the name it bears within the provinces, and exclaim with enthusiasm, "*Oui c'est vraiment la riviere de l'amour !*"

And, the river of love, as well as a lovely river, our friends thought it, notwithstanding the discordant notes that from time to time broke upon the serenity of the scene proceeding from the fair incensed ! who sat at the stern, and in such a position that her husband, who was steering, could not possibly move the rudder without incommoding her, which afforded her fresh subject for invective, though she obstinately refused to change her place.

The passengers were now all on deck

enjoying the delightful picture that presented itself on either side, and rejoicing to perceive the broad, clean, pleasant looking quay at Tours fast receding. Even Charles permitted his eyes to wander, and Augusta was the only one of the four who felt one particle of regret at this moment.

She unconsciously heaved a sigh as she reflected that she was probably for ever leaving a country where her much esteemed brother-in-law and his friend Clifford might be detained prisoners for years!

The sigh instantly attracted the attention of the deaf beggar, whose eyes turned anxiously on Augusta; she did not immediately perceive it, but when she again looked at the poor beggar girl she was surprised at the extraordinary change

she witnessed in her countenance, which had entirely lost its animation, and was marked with the most melancholy cast. Her ideas were again attracted to this unfortunate, whose fate she contemplated with the deepest commiseration.

She thought her apparent unhappiness arose from the ill usage of her father, whom she fancied, from what he had said at breakfast, used her very ill, and she was the more confirmed in this supposition by the remembrance of the excess of gratitude the girl had evinced for any act of kindness.

It suddenly struck her that she might have it in her power to rescue this poor creature from her wretched destiny. The old man would probably be glad to get rid of her, and Virginia and herself might take her to England with them, where she

could be placed in some asylum proper for her, and they should have the inexpressible pleasure of rescuing a fellow creature from vice, infamy, and want.

Such an opportunity of doing good was not to be neglected; Augusta's conscience would have reproached her could she have overlooked it; and borne away by the enthusiasm of the moment, and all impatience to put her virtuous plan in execution, she addressed the mendicant, who was leaning over the opposite side of the vessel, where also stood Virginia in the same attitude.

On hearing her voice they both approached, and sat down on some bales of goods near her, for they all avoided the stern, alarmed at the discordant spirit that sat at the helm, like an emblem of the discord that raged between the nations.

“You would not care about parting with this girl, would you?” said Augusta to the mendicant, “you do not seem much attached to her, and it would be a good thing for you to have her well provided for ; you could keep yourself the better.”

“What do you mean?” returned the mendicant.

“Why, I mean that if you will part with her, I will take her with me to my own country ; she shall never want for any thing ; I will provide for her as long as she lives.”

“Well, young man,” rejoined the mendicant, “your’s is a very fair offer I am sure, and I shall be very glad to see poor Fanchon with a good husband.”

“Husband !” echoed Augusta starting, and perfectly confounded, for she had

made the proposal, only considering herself what she really was, and quite unmindful of the inference which might be drawn by a person considering her of the other sex.

The mendicant continued, "I dare say you are a very honourable youth, and I am very much obliged to you, but I should like to see your country myself, so I will go with my daughter, and when we are all there I will claim your promise."

Augusta's spirits revived, and she replied with vivacity, "Yes, I may promise to marry Fanchon, if, when you see me in my *own country*, you request it."

Augusta pronounced this with great glee, rejoicing at having so ingeniously,

(as she conceived) baffled the importunities of the mendicant, by promising to perform, what she was sure he could never request, when he should see her in her real character, which would probably be as soon as she was safe on board the American, when she hoped, both she and Virginia would be able to borrow or purchase female attire from the wife of the captain.

No sooner had Augusta uttered the last sentence she had addressed to the mendicant, than the deaf and dumb girl started up and strided to the farthest end of the deck, and when Augusta turned her head that way, she was surprized to see her standing alone at a distance. She expressed her fears that she might fall over board, but the mendicant said she had been used to being on board ship, and continued, "she has been quiet

a long time, she seldom sits still much, but she will return to you presently, I have no doubt, she seems to have taken a great fancy to you. I hope you will not forget your promise. Now this is no chicane or imposition. You promise me faithfully to marry this poor afflicted creature as soon as I shall request it after you have landed in England,—America, I should say. I will not let you go from your promise.”

“ I do not mean to go from it, and I tell you again, if you ask me to perform it, when you see and know me in my own country, I will ; now are you satisfied ? ”

“ I am ! give me your hand, son-in-law, you are a fine fellow ! I will do all I can to make you happy, and I am sure Fanchon will do the same.”

Had not Augusta's attention been engrossed by the mendicant, on whom her eyes were fixed, she could not have failed to have perceived the variations in the countenance of his daughter while she continued near her, when she must have been convinced that she certainly was not deaf, but on the contrary heard, and felt every word that was said.

Indeed, so great an agitation did they produce, that a precipitate retreat was absolutely necessary to prevent an instantaneous discovery; for scarcely could Charles restrain the joy of his heart from bursting forth, and it was long before he could sufficiently recover his composure, to enable him to rejoin his companions; when he did he endeavoured to put on a vacant look somewhat appropriate to the deaf and dumb girl, who sat down beside her father, took his hand, and grasped it

with the energy of gratitude, and affection, while the mendicant leaned towards her, and concealed her face upon his ragged chest.

“ Poor creature ! what ails her ? ” cried Augusta, “ she is ill I fear.”

“ Not quite herself,” returned the mendicant, “ she is subject to a palpitation at her heart.”

“ Poor unfortunate ! she cannot speak her sufferings.”

“ No, but I can feel her heart flutter, and she puts her hand to it.”

“ Her head aches, I am sure, she presses your hand to her forehead ; Henry, feel her pulse.”

Henry obeyed, and said it was very irregular.

Augusta continued, "you are but an awkward nurse, old man; don't bear your hand so heavy on her head," rising and approaching her, she reseated herself by her, adding, "let the poor girl rest her head on my shoulder, I can keep quiet, and shall be more gentle to her than you are."

"No, no, son-in-law, that won't do, she seems to be better now; I will lead her to the cabin; she will be well again presently, I dare say."

He rose, and conducted his daughter to the cabin, while Augusta drew back abashed; she had again forgotten her male character in her commiseration for the poor girl's sufferings, and now said

to Virginia, "I am continually forgetting myself, but that poor afflicted creature excites the strongest compassion, and her father appears so insensible and unfeeling."

"No, I do not think he is either," returned Virginia, who could not resist taking the mendicant's part, "but you know he understands her feelings better than we can, and is accustomed to beholding her. I have been conversing with him, and was led to do so, by finding him infinitely superior to what you may conceive."

"I was in a terrible fright when he talked to me about marrying his daughter," said Augusta, "but did not I contrive famously to elude his importunities?"

Virginia smiled ; she longed to undeceive her friend, and could not bear to favour this imposition on her ; but after what Villeroy had said, she felt herself constrained to keep the secret, as she knew not what *particular* reasons he might have for wishing her to do so.

Augusta continued, “ I am sure that old man is a worthless being, for he wanted to make me believe his daughter had conceived a partiality for me. I really was rather alarmed, till it struck me that it was only a trick to work on my feelings. The poor creature was of course grateful for the notice I took of her, and I dare say will be quite as fond of me, when I appear in my real character.”

“ I have not the smallest doubt of it,” returned Virginia.

Augusta added, "I am very glad I have imposed on the old man, I am sure, he thinks himself so very cunning."

"I dare say he does, and imagines he has completely imposed upon you."

"O, really it is very ludicrous! how our friends will laugh when we recount to them this story; how Villeroi would enjoy our taking this good for nothing old man in: But the poor girl, I trust we shall be able to save from her wretched destiny, for when the father knows us for what we really are, I have no doubt he will be very glad to resign her entirely to our protection."

While this conversation was passing between the female friends, the

male friends were debating with much animation, but in a low key, in the cabin.

Villeroy declared he could not permit the deception to continue any longer, for that Augusta would never forgive him, when she should at length be made acquainted with it; while Charles begged and implored him only to humour it till they were on board the American, protesting that he could not appear before Augusta that disgusting figure, when once convinced that she knew him.

But Villeroy told him that if a favourable opportunity should occur for making the discovery, he must not expect him to neglect it, but he would give him timely notice of his intention.

Charles returned, "I must remain here for some time, for I find it impossible as yet to conceal or overcome my perturbation, but do not, Villeroy, take advantage of my absence; it would be very imprudent to make any discoveries, at least, while we continue in this vessel; you say the captain cautioned you not to betray yourself to his wife, and we know enough of her vindictive spirit to make us dread her! While Augusta is kept in ignorance, we cannot so freely communicate with each other as we might otherwise be tempted to do, and if she were in the secret, we might perhaps incautiously betray ourselves."

Villeroy laughed at the ingenuity with which Charles endeavoured to make what he wished appear most pru-

dent, and telling him that he had no doubt, that after all, he would betray himself first, he left him to his ruminations.

CHAP. X.



See rural seats of innocence and ease,
High tufted tow'rs, and walks of waving trees,
The white waves dashing on the craggy shores
Meandering streams, and meads of mingled
flowers.

COLUMBIAD, JOEL BARLOW.

MADAME FELICE, tired at length
of abusing her husband, became silent ;
but to continue so long she found insup-

portable, and she called to the young sailors to come near, when she began to converse with them, and they were obliged cautiously to support their characters; and when the mendicant came out of the cabin, he retired to a distance from the French woman, who had already complained that the beggars were offensive.

Felice finding the youths more intelligent than she expected, became very familiar with them, and retained them in conversation with her, inviting them to partake of her dinner, which consisted of cold provisions provided for the voyage down the river.

Felice chose to take the meal where she was, having a great aversion to the cabin, and the captain left her and the two sailor boys to share it, while he ad-

mitted the mendicant and his daughter to his table in the cabin.

Virginia lamented the fancy Madame seemed to have taken to them, as it prevented all intercourse with the beggars. But as the day wore away, and she still continued to monopolize their attention, Virginia got very weary, and left her friend to entertain her, while she traversed the deck and joined the mendicant and his daughter, who were sitting before the mast, and each having their faces averted from those on board, while they appeared engaged in admiring the picturesque shore, they were enabled to converse in a low tone without exciting observation.

Virginia declared she thought it cruel to keep her friend any longer in ignorance, and thus delay the satisfaction

she would experience in the consciousness of whom were her companions.

Charles repeated the same arguments to her, that he had addressed to Villeroy, whereby his real sentiments became apparent to Virginia, and she farther added that he was apprehensive Mrs. Villeroy would be offended with him for imposing on her, and he dreaded arousing her displeasure.

Virginia immediately observed that the longer the imposition was persevered in, the greater reason would her friend have to be offended with them all, but she did not see why Mrs. Villeroy should be most angry with him, as while he was obliged to support the character he had assumed he had no means of making himself known to her; besides Villeroy, as her relation, should discover himself

first. Charles in his heart, thought Augusta would be much more inclined to pardon her relative than him, and on the uncertain footing he felt himself to be with her, he dreaded that the knowledge of whom he really was, would immediately occasion reserve and distance on her part, and that the indifference she had evinced in their short interview at Paris would be instantly resumed. That all the various causes of offence she might conceive she had against him, would recur to her mind, and notwithstanding he was the chosen friend of her brother-in-law, she would maintain a line of conduct towards him, which would again reduce him to despair.

But all this he could not communicate to his friends, and he only begged that they would at least delay the discovery till the ensuing day, to which they at length reluctantly consented.

The shades of twilight were now gathering around them; Augusta vainly awaited a pause in the Frenchwoman's conversation, to permit her to join her friend, who, she concluded was like herself, weary of this eternal clack, on the most uninteresting subjects. Petkin sometimes put in a few words, but a flat contradiction from his gentle mate, generally silenced him.

Augusta at length made a precipitate retreat and joined Virginia; she expressed her satisfaction to the mendicant at seeing his daughter so much recovered; and sitting down beside her friend, they continued to watch the receding daylight, and enjoy the calm serenity of the scene: scarcely a ripple disturbed the water; the vessel glided imperceptibly along, borne on the current, for not a breeze swelled the sails that flapped.

loosely about, while the sea boy vainly whistled for a gentle gale to fill them.

The woody banks now appeared, but a dark undistinguishable mass here and there enlivened by a twinkling of light from a cottage window embowered in the friendly shade, and now and then the sound of music from the land, animating the lively peasantry to their evening's recreation, was borne upon the stream, and again died away, leaving the pleasing impression that gaiety and pleasure presided on these shores.

They were now summoned by the captain to supper, which they all partook of together in the cabin, though Madame grumbled very much at the beggar's being admitted, but her husband told her he chose it, and that was sufficient, for though a Republican he seemed pre-

fectly to understand the nature of despotic government.

He had provided a couple of mattresses, one of which he appropriated to his wife and the other to the young sailors, to repose themselves on during the night.

They were spread on the lockers on either side the cabin, which was vacated by all but the females as soon as supper was over ; Petkin telling his wife he should allow the two lads one of the mattresses. She knew it would be vain to offer any objection, and as it was no inconvenience to her, she wrapped herself up in her husband's great coat, though her companions found it almost insupportably warm, and laying herself down she soon fell asleep.

Augusta was very anxious to know

where the poor beggar girl was to be accommodated, and was informed that there was a place behind the cabin where she would be nearly as comfortable as they were, and this Augusta was inclined to credit, as she and Virginia lay almost gasping for breath, so close and oppressive did they feel their situation ; but by partly opening the door, they were in some measure relieved from this suffocating sensation, and Virginia excessively weary from want of rest on the two preceding nights, enjoyed some hours of uninterrupted sleep. But to Augusta, who was not influenced by so strong a soporific, she having slept but part of the night before, the excessive hardness of their accommodations, owing to the boards under the mattress, was unbearable, and occasioned a pain in her bones which induced her to rise with the dawn of day and repair on deck.

A brisk gale had sprung up within the last few hours, and the vessel glided along with rapidity. The captain, owing to the few hands he had on board, had not ventured to leave the deck to seek repose.

He was now at the helm, and Augusta entered into conversation with him, and took the opportunity of arranging with him respecting the remuneration he was to receive on safely landing them in England, concerning which they did not disagree, as it may be well supposed, as the American made his own bargain, and Augusta knew she could obtain any sum she might have occasion for when once in her own country.

She had been on deck some time, when on a sudden shifting of the sails, she perceived, reclining on a coil of ropes

and old sails thrown together, the form of the mendicant. His daughter too, partook of the same rough accommodations, with which she seemed by no means satisfied, as she repeatedly changed her posture, and pulled the ropes and sails in different directions as if endeavouring to arrange them more comfortably.

“Surely that poor creature has not been exposed all night to the dew,” exclaimed Augusta.

“She would not go below,” returned Petkin, “it was her own choice.”

Augusta now observed Fanchon jump up with a start of impatience, and pull the sails about with violence, as she kicked the ropes in the direction she wished to place them, to the great annoyance of her companion, whose head re-

ceived no very agreeable jirk, and a sudden descent by having the things pulled from under it.

The mendicant sat up, and turning quickly on his daughter, caught at her long hair, but she sprung from him as she threw the sails all over him and in an instant jumped up to the head of the vessel, and stood with one foot on the bowsprit balancing herself as she held one of the loose ropes.

“She will be drowned!” cried Augusta as she flew along the deck.

The mendicant was startled by her sudden appearance, but he restrained her progress by saying,

“No, no, there is no danger, I’ll tell

you she is accustomed to the water ; but wait, I will make her return."

She had heard the outcry, and drawing her long hair over her face jumped back on the deck, and seated herself very quietly, as if greatly terrified at sight of the young sailor.

The captain at this moment called their attention to the rising spires of a town that glittered in the first rays of the sun, which was just rising above the horizon, and gilding the lovely landscape with its beams.

"There," observed Petkin, "I shall take my wife on shore to breakfast, and lay too for an hour. But I would not advise you to land, the boy will get you some coffee, and there is plenty of bread

and butter on board, and I dare say you will be kind enough to give the poor beggars some breakfast, for I am sure they cannot afford to go on shore to get one."

"Yes, yes, they shall have whatever they want," said Virginia, who had ascended from the cabin, and joined her friend while the captain was speaking.

She rejoiced to hear that Petkin and his wife were going on shore as she thought this would be an excellent opportunity for making the grand discovery, and Augusta would have time to recover her amazement before Madame returned.

From the American so repeatedly requesting them to admit the beggars to their table, Virginia inferred that he

conceived they were not ignorant of each other's real characters ; and this indeed was the case, the captain believed they were perfectly well known to each other, however they might, for reasons he could not penetrate, have adopted disguises which prevented their being taken for companions or being supposed to be of the same party.

The captain continued conversing respecting the various objects that saluted their eyes in their progress down the river, but to which he was nearly as great a stranger as themselves, but the French sailor, who was a native of Tours, and had lived more on this river than on shore, both amused and instructed them by his communications, and engrossed their attention for some time.

From the margin of the river rose a

gradual ascent that spread to an extensive hill thickly wooded and interspersed with cottages; and scarcely a point of eminence appeared without a church, a *chateau*, a picturesque ruin; and each had some legend attached to it, calculated to augment the interest excited by its romantic appearance, and peculiarly gratifying to those whose admiration of the objects they beheld made them peculiarly desirous of learning the traditions relating to them.

There stood the tottering remains of a chateau, which the fury of the revolutionary terrorists had reduced to a ruin, and left it nothing but the power of adding interest to the landscape, a mournful monument of that destruction which had involved the noble family it once belonged to.

"'Tis desolation reigns on all around,
A death-like sleep, and solitude profound :
There, where once stood the hospitable board,
With massy plate, and choicest viands stor'd,
A ponderous ruin lies, to crumbled dust !
Full many a painted dome and well wrought bust !
O'ergrown with weeds, and thick with waving
 grass,
And lonely wild—fowl tenant of the place."

Here stood the steeple of the church,
(all that had escaped the same horrible
devastation,) while heaps of stones fallen
in different directions seemed kindly to
form tombs over the mouldering bones
interred beneath.

"Alas ! no reverence checked the rebel band,
No fear of God ! withheld th' uplifted hand
Onward they rush'd, and press'd their mad career,
Murder in front, and famine in the rear !"

But if in this the devout mind mourned the downfall of religion, and the profanation of its sacred temple, it was again raised from pious sorrow to an impression of pleasure, when the eye roved in another direction, and was saluted by the scattered and roofless walls of a monastery; and the liberal christian rejoiced at the destruction of bigotry and superstition, and felt that their immolation, could it have been accomplished, would have enlightened in some measure the dreary desolation occasioned by the most sanguinary and horrible persecution that ever disgraced a nation! convulsed by the phrenzy of anarchy! polluted by torrents of its own blood, and stained by a repetition of the most demoniac acts of refined cruelty! Religion flew affrighted from the land of horror, and even bigotry and superstition, though often defiled by bloodshed and oppression, shrunk at

sight of murder devastating a whole nation, and for a while lay dormant!

But from scenes of fallen magnificence and mouldering ruin, where rapine had anticipated the influence of time, the eye with pleasure turned upon the rural cottage and luxuriant orchard! Here domestic tranquillity seemed again regenerated. Each habitation had its favourite tree, and at sun-set it displayed various coloured ribbons pendant from its branches, which fantastical decoration was a signal for the dancers to rally round it, and the merry peasantry, forgetful of all that had been, careless of the future, and only mindful of the present enjoyment, moved gayly to the measure of the music, without a thought beyond the moment.

CHAP. XI.



Soft memory comes, adds every touching grace,
The form familiar, and the well-known face ;
Quick beats my heart, mine eyes with rapture stream,
And truth, and day-light burst upon my dream !

MISS AIKIN.

IT was about six o'clock in the morning when the little vessel cast anchor opposite the town. Madame had come on deck sometime before, and seemed much pleased at being allowed to go on shore to breakfast, an indulgence her husband would not have allowed her, had

he not had a commission from some person at Tours to transact at this place.

A few moments before he left the vessel, he was standing conversing with the young sailors and the mendicant, and telling them he should not remain on shore longer than he could help, as he should be sorry to lose the favourable gale that was blowing.

Just at this time Augusta observed that Fanchon was absent, and the mendicant said she was very unwell, and gone down to the cabin.

The truth was, Villeroy had apprized Charles that he was about to make the grand discovery to Augusta, and he was so much agitated and disturbed at the idea, that he had hurried down to the cabin, in order to conceal his disorder,

and prepare himself for the momentous occasion.

Villeroy and Virginia were still parleying with the captain and his wife, and observing them, as they descended to the small boat in order to reach the shore, and they did not perceive that Augusta had quitted them, while she, anxious about poor Fanchon, whom she thought quite neglected, seized the opportunity, while the mendicant's attention was engaged, to run down to the cabin to see what was the matter with her, or if she could afford her any assistance.

She found her sitting with her hands pressed to her forehead, apparently in great distress, the handkerchief was off her head, but the long hair still streamed over her face.

Augusta spoke from natural impulse, though confident that Fanchon could not hear her, and was surprized that she looked up at the sound of her voice, but supposed it accidental, particularly as she instantly covered her face with her hands with an appearance of terror.

“Poor, suffering, neglected creature! would that you could speak your sorrows!” were the words Augusta uttered as she approached the object of her pity, and withdrawing one of her hands from her face, she pressed it affectionately between her’s, anxious to convey to her a sense of her sincere commiseration. She wished her to look up that she might read this assurance in her countenance, but she obstinately held down her head, and Augusta put her hand to her chin in order to make her raise it.

This slight action was quite sufficient to dissolve the illusion ! The *rough* surface that met her touch betrayed a fact incontrovertible, and Augusta started to the other side of the cabin, as she exclaimed, “ O merciful heaven ! what, or who are you ? ”

For two days Charles had had no opportunity of making use of the *celebrated magnetic razor tablet*, owing to which the lower part of his face had become *truly unfeminine*, and wrought instantaneous conviction in Augusta.

His first impulse was to appear like himself, and to get rid of his disguising and disgusting wig, which he tore off his head, and cast behind him, as he sunk on his knees before her, and raising his beseeching eyes to her terrified

countenance, he pronounced, "Forgive me?"

"Mr. Clifford! O, is it possible?" cried Augusta, gasping for breath, and sinking on the seat completely overpowered with the crowd of ideas that rushed on her mind; her excessive astonishment, and the pleasure, which above every other sensation, predominated at so unexpectedly beholding a being who had ever been dearest to her heart, however a sense of propriety, and determination to act right had for a time subdued his influence, and deadened the vivacity of her sentiments.

She felt overwhelmed, confounded, abashed, terrified, yet delighted, though oppressed with a suffocating sensation, that made her apprehensive of fainting, and Charles observing that she was un-

able to support herself, and was apparently sinking into insensibility, started from his knees, and timidly extended his trembling arms to sustain her, while he called vehemently on Villeroy and Virginia.

They appeared at the moment: On missing Augusta, they were instantly aware that she must have repaired to the cabin, and they were hastening to join her, when they heard themselves called by Charles, who immediately released his half lifeless burthen to Virginia, and left her to explain every thing to her agitated and amazed friend, while he hastened away with Villeroy, who said as he left the cabin, "Call me, dear Virginia, as soon as my sister can bear my presence."

Augusta's astonishment was at its height, nor could this evidence that the

mendicant was Villeroy augment it, but she was incapable of speaking to him, and felt a degree of relief when he and his friend disappeared. But Villeroy almost immediately returned with a glass of water, which he handed down to Virginia without descending himself.

Having drank it, Augusta was able to attend to the explanation her friend gave her relative to the mendicant and his daughter: she endeavoured to excuse both them and herself for having so long kept her in ignorance, by imputing it to the want of opportunity for making the discovery; but here Augusta interrupted her, and in a reproachful tone reminded her, that a single whisper would have been sufficient to have informed her. Besides, had they not been alone on retiring the night before? at least, they might be considered so, as the French

woman had been fast asleep, and the communication might then have been made, which would have prevented her at least from shewing any more attention to the beggar girl, and exposing herself to ridicule.

Augusta was ready to sink with confusion, when she recollected the admiration she had expressed, and the interest she had displayed for the supposed deaf and dumb Fanchon.

“O Virginia,” she cried, covering her glowing cheeks with her handkerchief, “I cannot forgive you, it was really unpardonable.”

“My dear Augusta, believe me, it was not my fault! To be frank with you, Villeroy requested I would permit the deception to continue a little while, so

you must scold him. Indeed I am not to blame, and you know poor Mr. Clifford could not possibly inform you, as he was not permitted to speak, so you cannot in justice be angry with him. Come, let me call Villeroy, and you shall scold him as long as you please, and when you have done, we must give him some account of our adventures, which he is very anxious to hear."

O no, I cannot bear to see him yet, and—O, I shall never be able to look at Mr. Clifford again! What could possess Villeroy to be so very ridiculous? I really cannot forgive him, nor you, Virginia, for it could not have been carried on, if you had refused to be a party against me. Indeed I cannot pardon your all amusing yourself at my expence."

“ Now, Augusta, I know by your countenance, you are affecting a degree of anger you do not feel ! I am certain you are all impatience to see and converse with Villeroy ; as to poor Mr. Clifford, I suppose we must put him down in the hold, as that is the only place where he can be kept out of our sight, and there he must remain till you can bear his presence. Poor young man ! I cannot see why he should be so severely punished for an involuntary fault ! Now do Augusta, admit Villeroy, if it is only to reprehend him. Besides, the captain and his wife will be on board again soon, and then we cannot have any unconstrained conversation ; and the boy has called to us several times to let us know our breakfast is ready if we choose to have it.”

“ Well, let Villeroy come, but indeed I cannot bear to see Mr. Clifford, at least, not yet.”

Virginia now called Villeroy, who had been attending to a thousand injunctions from Charles, not to betray that it had been at his urgent request that Augusta had been kept in ignorance, as he feared such an avowal would draw on him her severest displeasure.

Augusta found it impossible to receive Villeroy with any appearance of real anger, and he soon silenced all her reproaches, though he could only offer as an excuse for himself the extreme amusement he had derived from witnessing her great compassion for Fanchon, and resentment at his apparent neglect of her.

Augusta shrewdly suspected that it was at the instigation of his friend that he had preserved the secret, not thinking it at all likely that Villeroy, merely for his own entertainment, should have carried on this farce so long, but that he had taken the blame on himself for his friend's sake: This suspicion she of course kept to herself, but all traces of resentment speedily subsided, though she was still much perturbed, and occasionally overcome with confusion, as her thoughts reverted to her behaviour towards Clifford under his disguise.

The verses too, which she had so often resolved to destroy, now seemed imprinted on her mind, and she vainly endeavoured to get the better of her agitation.

“ Well,” said Virginia, “ are we to

have any breakfast to day? I really feel very impatient for it."

"By all means let us have it directly," returned Augusta, and the boy was bade to bring in the coffee, which he did, with a good supply of eatables.

"And so I suppose poor Mr. Clifford is not to have any breakfast," observed Virginia.

"O, pray let it be carried on deck," said Augusta, "and you, Villeroy, can send us some."

"Indeed I cannot stay here," rejoined Virginia, "I am quite faint with remaining so long in this close place, and I am sure you, Augusta, must be still more oppressed by it. I see you can scarcely

breathe. Come let us all go up, and have our breakfast together."

"No, indeed, I cannot bear to meet Mr. Clifford after the late absurdities."

"Well then I will go and tell him that he must absolutely go down to the hold, and remain a prisoner during your pleasure."

"O ridiculous!"

"I agree with you. Therefore you may as well face this terrible object at once. You must forget all about Fanchon, and only think of him as Mr. Charles Clifford, an old acquaintance just arrived, and anxious to welcome you."

To think of him as Mr. Charles Clifford, an old acquaintance, was not the way to restore Augusta's composure, but having rallied her spirits as well as she could, and feeling conscious that this meeting was unavoidable, she threw her cloak about her, (for both she and Virginia wore them continually, though much incommoded with the heat) and ventured on deck, supported by her brother-in-law.

Charles had got hold of the captain's great coat, which he had put on to conceal his ragged and ridiculous attire. His head remained entirely undisguised, as he had not resumed the wig or handkerchief, and having (as was quite sufficient in the fashion of the day) passed his four fingers through his hair, it appeared in tolerable order; and thus, pretty nearly himself, he waited impatiently

expecting that the party would come on deck to breakfast, and he had formed a speech to address to Augusta on her appearance. But she and her companions were then seated, and the meal spread before them, and yet he could not assume courage to approach till Villeroy called to him to know if he did not intend breakfasting.

He then drew nigh with extreme trepidation, and bowing with great embarrassment, though not ungracefully to Augusta, with crimson cheeks whose tint seemed reflected on hers, he said,

“I hope Mrs. Villeroy will pardon the alarm I occasion her, I—I—I—”

Charles could not recollect another syllable of his speech.

“ O pray don’t mention it,” returned Augusta in a low quick tone, and Charles gladly seated himself without attempting another word.

Villeroy now reminded him of his imprudence in appearing without his disguise, adding,

“ The cabin boy has already observed you, I have no doubt,” (the sailor was gone on shore.) Charles replied,

“ I will give him a trifle to secure his silence. Indeed it is not probable he should see any one, to whom his betraying me could be of any consequence.”

“ But the captain and his wife will be returning shortly, so you had better be prepared.”

“ I really cannot tie my head up again, it keeps me so excessively warm.”

“ Not quite so warm as that heavy great coat, I should imagine. If you remain as you are you may be certain Felice will recognize you instantly.”

“ Well, we shall see them putting off from the shore, and it will then be time enough for me to resume my disguise.”

Augusta never raised her eyes, but scarcely could she repel a smile at Clifford's violent objections to making a fright of himself, now that he was once discovered to her.

She had now been near ten months a widow, and those reproaches of conscience that had so painfully distressed

her during the few hours she had remained at Paris, were in great measure silenced; though she still would have considered it very improper to have entertained any ideas of forming another connection, and really imagined nothing was farther from her thoughts, particularly as she never could forget Clifford's conduct, after she had been led to believe him attached to her, and she thought she never could, or rather, never ought to forgive it.

The behaviour she wished now to maintain towards him was such as she conceived due from her to the friend of her brother-in-law, without any reference to their former knowledge of each other; and this line of conduct she determined to support, when she could once get the better of the confusion and agitation, that still oppressed her, while the tire-

some verses were continually recurring to her imagination, as well as each particular scene in which Fanchon had acted a part.

Villeroy explained his allusion to Felice's recognition of Charles, by informing Augusta that he was the daughter of the person with whom they had boarded at L —; this he had before mentioned to Virginia. He now requested of Augusta some account of their captivity and escape, for on the former head he had been able to gather very little from Virginia, (who it must be obvious) could not be very minute in any relation connected with the persecution of Malfoi, for which she must have accounted, and as it sprung from his entertaining a passion for herself she could not of course have expatiated upon it.

For the same reason Augusta could not in her presence, with any degree of propriety, comply with Villeroy's request, more especially as she was desirous of acquainting him with the purport of Mrs. Pelham's will, which she believed would raise him to the summit of happiness. She therefore excused herself from entering on the subject at that time, observing that it was a long story and she must defer the relation of it to a more convenient opportunity, as they were now in momentary expectation of the captain's return, and keeping a look out towards that part of the shore where the boat awaited him; and where in a few minutes after, they perceived Petkin and his wife hastening towards it.

“ Now, Charles,” cries Villeroy, “ fly and metamorphose yourself.”

Charles descended to the cabin, but speedily returned merely with a handkerchief bound round his head, which in fact was no disguise at all, as he had not put on the wig, nor any wrap round his face.

Villeroy remonstrated, but in vain! He even ran down for the wig himself and brought it to him, entreating he would put it on, but Charles was obstinate, and at last, to silence all farther importunity, he caught it from his friend and threw it overboard.

“Well,” exclaimed Villeroy, “you may just as well tell whom you are at once, for you are not in the smallest degree disguised! I hope you will not have cause to repent of your perverseness. You know Felice, and I dare say

she will rejoice to have it in her power to injure you."

"O that is true!" cried Charles, "I wish I had my wig again."

"Here," said Virginia, "take my hat and draw it down over your eyes; I will say I lent it you, to shade you from the sun."

Charles took the hat, thanked her with animation, and endeavoured to get it on; but it was so small for him that he could only perch it on the top of his head, and was in effect nearly as ridiculous a figure as if he had entirely resumed his former disguise.

"Pray take that coat off," said Villeroy.

"O no," returned Charles, "I will say I am cold."

"You will *say*, why you must be *dumb* again! O Charles! where are your senses flown to?"

Charles coloured deeply, and threw the coat open, but would not take it off.

"Well, pray keep out of Felice's sight as much as possible," said Villeroy, and at that moment the boat came along side.

The mendicant led his daughter to as great a distance as the limits of the deck would permit, and the young sailors remained seated where they were, apparently finishing their breakfast.

Felice was no sooner on board than

she approached them with a lively air, seemed in the very best humour, and expressed her surprise that they had not done breakfast. She then asked them if the beggars had had any? to which they replied in the affirmative; when Felice called to the mendicant and bade him come near with his daughter, and she would give them something, as they appeared poor and distressed.

The mendicant approached alone blessing her for her charitable intentions.

“But Fanchon,” cried Felice, “make her come here.”

“I am afraid she will not, Madame; she is very perverse sometimes, and takes strange dislikes to people.”

“*O la pauvre innocente!*” exclaimed

Felice in accents of commiseration, "but I will shew her some money, and that will make her come to me."

She held up a *douze sous* piece, as she told the mendicant to go and make his daughter look that way; he was obliged to obey her. Charles concluded, by her holding out money to him, that she entertained not a doubt that he really was what he appeared to be, and thought this a good opportunity of strengthening the persuasion, by appearing extremely eager for the money, and he ran forward to catch at it, but she held it back, and darted her eyes, inquisitively under his hat as she burst into a fit of laughter, which she indulged for some time to his utter consternation; while he knew not how to look, or where to go to, as she exclaimed with repeated bursts of laugh-

ter, "*Elle a tout-à-fait l'air galant !
et la taille la plus mignonne du monde !*"

She then without any ceremony knocked off his hat, when she started back screaming out,

"*Mon Dieu c'est Monsieur-Cliffore,*" at the same moment she withdrew her hand, which she had till then held behind her, and presented him his old wig streaming with water, as she said,

"*Poilá une joli perruque pour un beau garçon.*"

Charles had now flown down the steps of the companion, and she threw the wig after him, crying out

"*Le voila qui fuit ! Le voila qui fuit !* The charming mermaid !

It took his wig for a large fish swimming about in the water. The French are always fond of the ridiculous, and there was nothing Felice could have enjoyed more than so absurd a joke at the expense of poor Charles.

As they were rowing the vessel, she had perceived something thrown overboard, and the unfortunate wig had floated towards the boat, and, curious to know what it was, she had drawn it in with the stick of her parasol.

On examining it, the resemblance it bore to the long black hair she had observed hanging over the face of the deaf and dumb girl instantly struck her, and as instantaneously was the idea suggested that it had been assumed as a disguise, though why it should have been thrown overboard she could not under-

stand. Her husband was standing with his back to her and did not perceive what she had rescued from the waves, and leaving the sailor to assist her into the vessel, he knew nothing at all of what had happened.

Felice was resolved to find out the proprietor of the wig, promising herself much amusement in penetrating the mystery connected with it, and no sooner did she perceive the change that had taken place in the appearance of Fanchon, than she was convinced the wig was hers, and she attracted her close to her in order to have a better view of her countenance.

She was instantly convinced that she was not addressing a female, but did not recognize Clifford till she had knocked off the hat, when her satisfaction was in-

finitely increased by discovering that it was to him she had occasioned so much consternation and embarrassment.

Her reiterated peals of laughter were interrupted by her husband approaching to demand the cause of her mirth. She replied, that she was only rejoicing at having discovered an old acquaintance in that pretty little delicate creature the mendicant's daughter.

“And you *grand pere*,” she continued to Villeroy, “you are not what you seem to be, or you would not be his companion.”

Petkin bade her to be silent instantly; he could not conceive how she had made this discovery, but resolved to make her believe it was of no consequence, and

out of her power to occasion any mischief, and he said to her,

“ I wonder at your stupidity for not finding that out before ; so you had better laugh at your own folly in having been imposed on so long. Come with me, Sir, if you please,” he added to Villeroy, who followed him to the cabin. He then told him and Charles he would do all he could to prevent his wife’s knowledge of them being productive of any bad effect ; that he did not intend to go on shore again, and it was not very probable any one would come on board, but if it should so happen, he would keep strict guard over Felice. Finding that it was now unnecessary they should any longer support their assumed characters, they entirely relinquished their disguises, and cloathed themselves from the wardrobe of the captain, who supplied them

with what they required on being handsomely paid for it. They requested he would, in their names, promise a reward to the sailor and boy, on conditions that should any one come on board, they should agree in saying the gentlemen were Americans.

CHAP. XII.



Let us imagine love ! diviner pow'r,
Ennobling balm of Virtue's lonely hour,
That pure devotion which to one we owe
Those sacred vows, which none but lovers know,
Steal o'er the conscious soul with soothing force
And leave the world to folly and remorse.

HODGSON.

NO sooner was Charles equipped in his male attire, than he went upon deck, resolved to carry off his late ridiculous embarrassment with a good grace. He

bowed with a merry air to Felice, thanked her for having saved him the trouble of remaining any longer in disguise, and then turning to Virginia, he said.

“Now I am your comrade you see; a brother sailor.”

She shook hands with him; he looked timidly at Augusta before he ventured to hold out his hand to her, which he did on observing the complacency of her features. She did not refuse to take it, and Charles could have fancied that every cause of offence was cancelled at that moment! and that the glow on Augusta's cheek, and her downcast eyes, denoted that she had forgotten every thing but what he wished her to remember. He was suddenly seized with a fit of coughing, and obliged to lean over the

side of the vessel till he had recovered himself.

During the time that the gentlemen had been absent, Felice had been amusing her companions by abusing Villeroy and Clifford, while she wondered what could have become of the former, and added that she should have conceived the mendicant to have been him, as he and Mr. Clifford seemed always to come together, but she was convinced it was utterly impossible he could have disguised himself so effectually.

“But” she continued, “she did not know much about him, as he had not been so long at her mother’s as Mr. Clifford, yet she was certain he was very proud, and he had pretended to be a *milord* or a milord’s son, or something of that kind, and she was sure he was no

such thing, for she knew very well that all the English kept shops. And as to *Charles Cliffore*, (as she familiarly called him, frenchifying his name) she hated him still worse, for he had persecuted her with his love, and was *presque fol*, because she would not marry him, and disdained all his advances."

Her auditors doubted not there was about as much credit to be attached to this assertion, as to the former part of her communication, though Augusta felt so much provoked with her, that she could not help turning away from her with an incredulous and contemptuous smile, which she observing, was about to resent just at the moment that Charles reappeared, and gave a new turn to her thoughts.

It now struck Virginia that as the gen-

them were known, no greater danger could attend a discovery of herself and Augusta, she hoped to induce the French woman to supply them with cloaths.

While she was proposing this to Augusta, Villeroy reappeared, and greeted his youthful fellow messmates (as he called them,) with lively warmth. Virginia was delighted to see him divested of his frightful disguise, and still more so to perceive that his countenance had lost the languid cast of impaired health, which had been so visible on it when she had first known him. A glowing colour now augmented the animation of his eyes, which were no longer hollow, and half closed with the weight of indisposition.

Augusta congratulated him on the improvement in his looks, even

since he had left them at Bourges, and though Virginia was silent, the pleasure with which she regarded him was more eloquent than words.

As they spoke in English, Felice knew not the purport of their conversation, but by the familiar manner in which they appeared to address each other, she was prepared for what was soon after made known to her.

Virginia lost no time in mentioning to the captain the mutual wish of herself and her friend to drop their disguises. She informed him that one of the gentlemen was brother to her friend, and as he had reappeared in his real character they might as well follow his example. Petkin said if they would descend to the cabin, he would send his wife to them.

They went below while he told Felice there were some ladies in the cabin, who would give her a handsome present if she would supply them with what they required.

"Ladies!" she screamed, but was too impatient to learn what present she was to have, to stay to make any enquiries of him, and hastened to the cabin, as he called after her, "Mind you are civil to them now, or it will be worse for you. If you behave well to them, perhaps I will give you a present myself."

"*Comment! vous êtes des femme?*" cried Felice as she joined the ladies; "you have imposed upon me, and laughed at me, and do you suppose I will do any thing for you? No, I will denounce you, I will go on shore on purpose, and

have both you and your gallants taken up together."

Virginia had preserved a beautiful brooch set in diamonds from the jewels left her by Mrs. Pelham,; she replied not to Felice's furious attack, but merely held up the glittering bauble to her view.

Not all the priests in Christendom combined, could have succeeded so instantaneously in laying the evil spirit, which became suddenly passive.

The ladies were supplied with whatever they required, and as Felice found she should get nothing by treating them with incivility, but on the contrary, should lose the reward her husband had promised her, if she conducted herself with propriety towards them, she deter-

mined to desist at least from being abusive, that is, if she could.

She now recalled the contemptuous smile excited by her declaration of Clifford's attachment to her, and doubted not it had arose from jealousy, and she rejoiced at what she had said.

The fair friends felt quite happy when once more in their proper persons, and with cheeks glowing with pleasure they returned to the deck, and were received by Villeroy and Clifford with reciprocal sensations of delight.

Villeroy ventured to press his lips to the cheek of each, after saying to Felice, "These are my sisters."

She laughed incredulously, but said nothing, while the ladies withdrew to a

distance from her, whither the gentlemen followed, and they all seated themselves near the head of the vessel, and enjoyed some delightful hours. No one was talkative, but each felt internally happy, while every idea centered in one another, not a thought could be spared to the past or the future; the present seemed to unite every thing that could charm the mind and enchant the senses.

Felice had ample occupation in contemplating and admiring her new broach, the possession of which kept her in good humour for the remainder of that day.

CHAP. XIII.



Now pensive eve had touch'd the hills around,
With rosy light that slept upon the ground,
In trembling radiance kiss'd the glossy flood,
And streak'd with gold, the many shaded wood.

HODGSON.

IT was near the hour of sun-set, when the ancient and extensive city of Nantes appeared in full view, which, from being built on an ascent and summit of a hill, rose majestically conspicuous from the swelling surface of the Loire.

The breadth of the river is here considerably extended, and is nearly as wide as the Thames; and opposite the town are scattered several islets, "Like studs of emerald on a silver zone." On these are built small villas with gardens attached to them.

In some of them marquees were pitched, ornamented with ribbons, and dancing parties were forming as the sun declined.

The water near the town is shallow, though the quay is allowed to be one of the finest in Europe; it extends nearly a mile, and is adorned with most elegant buildings.

Our friends regretted when the deepening shades of twilight obscured from

their view the lofty towers of Nantes, which they now swiftly left behind them.

The hour of retiring arrived, and reluctantly they bade each other good night, for neither Virginia nor Augusta could feel weary, while with companions so congenial to their tastes, nor did they feel at all inclined to take possession of their hard mattress; but they were now getting accustomed to hardships, and their minds being at ease, the impenetrability of their *lit-de-repos* failed to keep them awake.

Villeroy begged leave to separate the spare sails that had been heaped together to form a resting place for him and Charles on the preceding night, for the latter, unable to sleep himself, had ef-

fectually prevented his friend obtaining a moment's repose by his boisterous restlessness; and quite out of patience with him, Villeroy had started up, and half joking, threatened to pull his wig off, at which time Augusta had observed them soon after she had come on deck that morning.

The ladies were awakened by a very considerable motion in the vessel, and were half alarmed on rising to find that they could not keep their feet, but were catching at every thing that came in their way to save themselves from falling.

They felt affected by a most uncomfortable sensation, and hastened to reach the deck, but they found some difficulty in mounting the steps of the companion, and remained near the top, still afraid to

attempt standing on the deck without assistance.

The gentlemen immediately perceived them, and presenting their hands, conducted them to the stern, where they gladly seated themselves, and now discovered that they were in the open sea, which was considerably agitated by a fresh gale, while the little vessel rapidly mounted the swelling waves, with a short quick motion much more unpleasant than that experienced in a ship of any superior size.

The spray beat over the weather side, sprinkling the faces of the ladies, who however felt it rather refreshing, and would have preferred being wet through to returning to the cabin.

They were no way alarmed, being assured, and believing that no danger was

to be apprehended ; had it been otherwise they certainly would have experienced a very strong degree of terror, notwithstanding they had excellent nerves, which doubtless would have enabled them to desist from distressing those about them by violent demonstrations of their fears, which not to have entertained would have argued the most stupid insensibility, much more unnatural than the very weakest evidence of excessive alarm.

Many people conceive that they excite a very high opinion of their courage and resolution, by affirming, (after having been exposed to the most imminent perils) that they had felt no kind of fear, but had remained perfectly composed and indifferent on the occasion.

Now this, instead of inspiring an eleva-

ted idea of their fortitude, must impress every reflecting being with a conviction of their apathy, and total insensibility, and there could be no merit in their preserving their composure if they were dead to those feelings that were likely to disturb it. But to be fully conscious of one's danger, aware that one's life is exposed to the most perilous hazard, a life one truly values; and perhaps the lives of those we love a thousand times better than ourselves; to be sensible of all this, and still so far subdue the weakness of nature as to support a calm, pious, and dignified deportment, that is indeed the perfection of genuine fortitude, and such as very few are so happy as to be possessed of.

With what pleasure did our friends contemplate the object which the captain now pointed out to them, as he directed

their eyes towards a bay where safely rode the child of commerce; her tall masts towering above the waves who on their bosom had transported her from distant regions! even as her spreading colours flying in the breeze denoted from a new world!

With feelings bordering on enthusiasm, she was surveyed by those who beheld in her a refuge from danger, the security of their liberty, and the happy means of their return to their native land!

The captain assured them half an hour would bring them to his ship, which he too seemed to regard with great pleasure as an old friend.

Felice now came on deck grumbling most violently at the inconvenience occasioned by the roughness of the sea.

She did not seem inclined to leave the friends to the uninterrupted enjoyment of each other's society, but placed herself amongst them, and prevented all conversation but such as she could join in; for when they spoke English she told them she thought it extremely rude, and a proof that they wished to exclude her from their discourse. So to keep her in good humour, they conversed in French, of which Petkin understood enough to express himself intelligibly.

The ladies found very comfortable accommodations on board the American; there was a neat cabin, and a little state room appropriated to Augusta and Virginia, and the gentleman had very tolerable births.

She lay at anchor all this day, while the freight from the French vessel was

stowing on board her, and during this time the friends had nothing to do but contemplate the Gallic shore, and wish themselves far from it; and Felice, who persecuted them with her perpetual presence, and began to be extremely troublesome. Perceiving that her keeping constantly with them annoyed them very much, and put an end to all interesting conversation, her resentment was aroused, and she became occasionally very impertinent.

That Charles was attached to Augusta, she was convinced; and she thought the most effectual way of tormenting them both was to conduct herself towards him as if confident that he was extremely partial to her, even then, and had once been her devoted admirer.

With this laudable view she applied to

Charles on all occasions ; if she wished to go on deck, or descend to the cabin, she requested his assistance, and was continually drawing his attention on her and often alluded in a jocular manner, and in arch innuendoes, to trifling circumstances that had occurred during the time he had been at L—, and on perceiving that he was distressed by any reference to that time in presence of Augusta, she the oftener reverted to it. Augusta affected not even to hear what she said, and her attention appeared entirely withdrawn from her, but Charles immediately felt that it was also withdrawn from himself.

Augusta became serious and reserved without knowing why, and vainly endeavoured to get the better of a sensation of ill humour that suddenly affected her. She kept entirely with Villeroy and Vir-

ginia, and tried to withdraw them from the vicinity of Felice and Charles; and conversed with them in English, in a manner which seemed intended to shut out Charles as well as Felice from the conversation.

Clifford instantly perceived this alteration and so did his tormentor; but Villeroy and Virginia were not so soon aware of it, and only thought that Augusta thoroughly disgusted with Felice, wished to avoid her, careless whether he offended her or not. On the whole, the day passed by no means agreeably to Charles and Augusta, but when they retired for the night, the latter felt more displeasure with herself, discontented, and unhappy than did the former, who (though much hurt that Felice should by her manner or conversation intimate an idea that he had once been attached to her)

yet could not help rejoicing to observe that Augusta was not indifferent to his conduct, and was evidently displeased at what she had certainly heard, though she had affected not to be listening.

CHAP. XIV.



Ce sons chagrins mêlés aux plaisirs de la vie,
Tout ne va pas monsieur, au gré de notre envie.
Le ciel veut qu'ici bas, chacun ait ses facheux,
Et les hommes seroient sans cela trop heureux!

MOLIERE.

AT at early hour in the morning the noise and bustle on deck convinced the passengers that the ship was getting under way, and when they assembled at breakfast, they found that they were some miles from the French coast.

Felice renewed her attack on Charles, he became absolutely rude, her husband frowned, not on him, but on her for her forward behaviour; she became impertinent, he began to scold, and the four friends hastened to leave the cabin.

Charles, quite disconcerted, kept aloof from them all, while the battle between the man and wife raged furiously, till at length she flew on deck, and swore he was going to murder her: in short, the tumult occasioned by their constant disputes was continually interrupting the harmony of the party.

The second day they were on board Charles's melancholy became so apparent, that Augusta began to compassionate him, and felt the more charitable towards him from the manner in which he now treated Felice.

He disdained to take any notice whatever of her, never addressed her, and if she spoke to him he affected not to hear her; to every one else he was gentle and conciliating, but serious and dejected, and Augusta resolved to seize the first opportunity of restoring him his spirits, which she had a pretty just suspicion were under her dominion.

Charles was steadying a telescope for Virginia to look through, who, having gratified her curiosity, asked Augusta if she would not feast her eyes? Charles still held the telescope, and Augusta thanked him with a smile as she applied her eye to it; Charles was happy again, and the telescope trembled in his hands.

“This may be a feast,” observed Augusta, “but I am sure it is a moveable one, for every thing appears in motion.”

Virginia laughed and declared every thing had seemed quite still to her. Charles laughed too, but coloured deeply, so did Augusta. Villeroy relieved their mutual embarrassment by asking the ladies with a very serious air if they were not before aware that his friend Charles was frequently afflicted with fits of the palsy, nervous irritations, hysterical affections, and many other *affections* that occasioned an equal degree of disorder? Neither could forbear laughing; thus harmony was again restored.

They had been on board some days before Augusta found an opportunity of acquainting Villeroy with the particulars she was so anxious to make known to him; when at length this occurred, and she availed herself of it. What was her disappointment to perceive that the communication so far from having the effect she confidently expected of occasioning

him the utmost joy and satisfaction, had a direct contrary tendency !

Villeroy inquired again and again into every particular concerning the will, but with a serious and disturbed aspect, and then fell into a fit of thoughtfulness and total abstraction. Augusta was amazed beyond measure ! Was it possible she could have been deceived in imagining Villeroy to be attached to Virginia, or had she mistaken brotherly love for a more tender sentiment ?

She was shocked and distressed at his demeanour, and miserable at the idea of what her beloved friend would suffer at the disappointment of those sanguine anticipations, she was convinced she had indulged from the moment she had been acquainted with the purport of Mrs. Pelham's will. From what Augusta had observed since Villeroy had rejoined

them, she had inferred that his sentiments towards Virginia were still of that nature she had always believed them to be ; then what was she to conclude by his behaviour on the present occasion ?

After some reflection on the subject, she scarcely entertained a doubt in her own mind that Villeroy being prepossessed with a conviction that their mutual circumstances presented an insurmountable bar to an union between him and Virginia, had been induced to meditate a connection with another, and might probably have met with some English woman of rank and fortune during the time he had been at Paris, to whom he intended uniting himself on his return to England.

This suggestion, which became stronger the more she reflected on it, occasioned the deepest affliction to Augusta, who

beheld in it the downfall of her friend's happiness.

She felt extremely angry with Villeroy and thought he had acted unpardonably, as he might have read Virginia's sentiments; and ought to have been scrupulously guarded in his behaviour towards her: instead of which, he had shewn her the most pointed and tender attention; and however he might excuse it to himself by affecting to consider her as his sister, she conceived it inexcusable. After a long and painful silence, she said,

“ You do not appear pleased with the disposal our poor friend has made of her property, and by which I am confident she believed she was ensuring your happiness.”

“ O she was kind indeed ! a thousand

times more so than I deserved. But I will not share her property, no, it shall all be hers, to whom it more justly belongs."

"You amaze me; then the ten thousand pounds alone is to be your portion, while you decline the measure by which Mrs. Pelham intended to gratify all your wishes, and which would entitle you to half of her property."

"I want not the ten thousand pounds. I must decline to share the whole, and in comparison to what I lose in that, all other considerations must be trifling indeed."

Villeroy spoke with great agitation, and immediately left the cabin where this conference had been held, and where Augusta remained in extreme astonishment and consternation.

Villeroy's words implied a sentiment she had ever conceived foreign to his nature, a passion of avarice, that inspired a strong degree of irritation at the thoughts of losing the possessions he would have been entitled to, had he complied with the conditions stipulated in the will, which nevertheless he seemed resolved not to accede to.

Augusta was wretched. She was aware that Virginia, who had left them *tête-à-tête*, would conclude what had been the subject of their conversation, and to inform her of Villeroy's behaviour on the occasion she felt almost impossible.

Yet was it right to suffer her to continue in this delusion, wholly unprepared for the disappointment that awaited her! But surely Villeroy would never be able to maintain the same manner to-

wards her that he had before this communication, and a change in his aspect would instantly excite alarm in Virginia, when, if she questioned her respecting what had passed in their interview, Augusta resolved to acquaint her frankly with every particular, a task she considered incumbent on her, as her friend to perform, rather than permit her to deceive herself, and nourish hopes, which must ultimately be destroyed.

While this unpleasant conference had been passing, Virginia had continued on deck with Clifford, whom he endeavoured to retain in conversation, to prevent his joining their friends below, nor did they meet till they were all summoned to dine.

Virginia felt extremely confused at the idea of meeting Villeroy under the con-

sciousness that he must be acquainted with the peculiar nature of the will; but the embarrassment with which she seated herself at table was short-lived, and speedily succeeded by a very different sensation, when a message was delivered from Colonel Villeroy, begging to be excused appearing at dinner, as he was extremely unwell, and was lying down.

Virginia felt suddenly terror-struck, and an instantaneous anticipation of every thing that was disagreeable possessed her mind. She caught a glance at Augusta; she perceived that her eyes were red, and her cheeks flushed, and it was evident she had been weeping.

A deadly sickness came over Virginia; a shivering seized her frame, and her whole system seemed to undergo a violent revulsion.

Augusta instantly perceived the paleness that spread over her friend's countenance, and exclaiming "She is faint," she started up, and flew to her, adding in a hurried tone, "The heaving of the vessel is peculiarly oppressive to-day, you had better retire, my love."

Every one concluded that Virginia was sea-sick, except Augusta, who was anxious her friend's disorder should be imputed to that cause.

She attended her to their little state room, and no sooner were they alone, than Virginia exclaimed, rivetting her eager eyes on the countenance of her friend, and grasping her hand, "O, what has happened, Augusta? tell me the worst at once; I can bear any thing but suspense."

With torrents of tears, and in the tenderest manner, Augusta told her that she feared they had both been deceived in Villeroy, and that she could in no other way account for his conduct and demeanour that morning, than by concluding he had some entanglement which prevented the possibility of his complying with the conditions that should entitle him to share Mrs. Pelham's property, and though she doubted not his happiness would be the sacrifice, probably honour demanded it should be made.

The latter part Augusta added in order to soften the humiliation of her friend, of imagining that Villeroy was indifferent to her. She well knew how to feel for her, and at this moment recalled all she had suffered on Clifford's account.

CHAP. XV.



Superior task ! severer test of soul !

'Tis here bold virtue plays her noblest vole,

And merits most of praise.

JAEI BARLOW.

DURING the whole of this recital, Virginia uttered not a single syllable, nor did she shed a tear ; a calm fixed misery marked her features, and instead of giving vent to violent ebullitions of grief or resentment, she entreated Augusta to overcome her agitation, nor to appre-

hend that the stroke which had fallen on her would be more than she would be able to bear.

“ I have been presumptuous,” continued she, “ I have dared to anticipate the full fruition of every earthly wish. I am now to learn that happiness is not of terrestrial growth, and those who are so weak and unreasonable as to expect it on this side the grave, will, like me, be punished by the disappointment of their tenderest hopes. I know that I ought to be thankful, I am confident it is right it should be so, and by-and-by I shall be grateful ! O yes, indeed I shall ! but just at this moment,”—her voice trembled, “ just at this moment, I—I—no I will not murmur, but—but O nature is so weak ! ” She burst into a passion of tears.

Virginia had been educated in the steady principles of true religion! Its mild influence had guided every action of her life; it was the friend from whom she never failed to derive the surest consolation under every affliction, and to whom she ever flew from the attacks of adversity and disappointment.

She was never deaf to its ameliorating voice, even in the moment of deepest anguish!

It soothed the progressive stages of unhappiness, and was ultimately the restorer of peace. Virginia's feelings were strong, but her reason was still stronger, for its basis was religion!

Augusta's sentiments were thoroughly

congenial with those of her friend, and were like hers, the result of that maternal tenderness which (in the true spirit of wisdom) had implanted in their breasts the sovereign specific against adversity, the balm of the wounded heart, the antidote of despair, whose influence could support them against the most malignant attacks of fate !

In this they possessed the most invaluable portion, it is in the power of a parent to bestow, and (let it be remembered) one which every parent may secure to their offspring ; and though they may have neither wealth or independence to bequeath them, they may train their hearts to admit the conviction that wealth is not essential to happiness, and that no independence is so sweet as that obtained through their own laudable exertions !

CHAP. XVI.

Pleasure has charms, but so has virtue too ;
 One skims the surface, like the swallow's wings,
 And skuds away unnoticed, 'Tother nymph,
 Like spotless swans, in solemn majesty,
 Breasts the full surge, and leaves long light behind !

HORACE WALPOLE.

VIRGINIA, entreated her friend to leave her for a short time, and Augusta did not object, for she was certain she would make a good use of solitude, and

instead of resigning herself to the wildness of distracted passion, and indulging the whole force of her natural feelings, she would employ the time in endeavouring to strengthen her mind to support her affliction, and sustain her in maintaining a consistent and dignified deportment towards the object who had so ill repaid the regard she entertained for him.

This was indeed a difficult task! and many a struggle did Virginia undergo before she could repel the murmurs of misery that fain would have burst from her aching heart, or quell the tumult that distracted it.

Villeroy then was not unwell, but had merely made an excuse to avoid her under the present circumstances: he dreaded witnessing the unhappiness, he no doubt imagined, she would be unable

to conceal on being informed of what had passed.

She turned with disgust from the thoughts of the riches that would accrue to her by the loss of her happiness, and she resolved to beg Augusta to inform Colonel Villeroy that she must insist on his considering the rejection as mutual, when according to the will he would be entitled to a moiety of the property.

But she suddenly, with pleasure, recollected what she had said to him when speaking of Mrs. Pelham at their first interview at *Le petit lion d'or*.

Much embarrassed, and dreading she should say more than she ought, she had mentioned that Mrs. Pelham had left her the sum of ten thousand pounds; and

she might now with great propriety refer to that as a tacit avowal of her intention not to comply with the conditions that would entitle her to more; and this might be adduced as a proof that the rejection came first from her, and therefore that the bulk of the fortune ought to be his.

She was pleased with this thought, but on reflection was convinced that Augusta was not a fit agent to employ in the business, as she doubtless would object to her relinquishing her claims on the property, and endeavour to dissuade her from her purpose, and at all events refuse to aid her in such a design: nor indeed could any body but herself explain accurately the allusion to what she had said when at Tours, to Villeroy.

She therefore determined as soon as

she had recovered the tone of her mind, and vigor of spirit, sufficiently to support an interview with him, to enter herself on the subject, but not until she was convinced she could maintain such a deportment on the occasion as would convince him she was perfectly satisfied with the result of the business.

Angusta left her friend with feelings most painfully affected, and with her mind so irritated against Villeroy, that had he appeared, she would have found it impossible to have behaved even civilly to him. Neither did she feel in charity with Charles; all that had been blameable in his conduct towards herself, was revived in her mind by the present sufferings of her friend, and she felt out of humour with the whole sex; and to Clifford's inquiry after Virginia she answered shortly that she was only a little sea sick.

But ashamed of betraying such apparent ill temper, she added, in a gentler tone,

“ I dare say she will be very well by and by.”

Some dinner had been kept warm for Augusta, but she scarcely touched it, and Charles could plainly perceive something was wrong. He had carried a glass of wine to Villeroy, but he had declined it with thanks, without admitting him.

In the course of the evening, Charles again repaired to him, with wine and biscuit, which he did not then refuse, but begged to be left alone, saying he was not seriously indisposed, and might perhaps fall asleep.

Charles would not willingly have re-

mained with him, for he was left entirely to himself. A battle between Petkin and his wife had driven Augusta from the cabin; she had taken refuge with her friend, and poor Charles was left to amuse himself how he could, and he paced up and down the deck till it was quite dark, being unwilling to return to the cabin where he imagined Felice remained alone, as her husband had now come up.

He had succeeded for the first time in his life in quieting her, and that by a method too coercive to be justifiable towards a woman, but certainly more excusable in regard to Felice than any other of her sex, at least I hope that none other ever so thoroughly deserved it, for she was, to use a strong French expression, though I could not permit myself to translate it, "*une vrai dia-*

blesse," and Job himself could scarcely have endured the exasperating provocation of her unlicensed tongue. She was so in the habit of screaming out murder, and crying for help even when her husband only spoke to her in a loud key, that no one now heeded her cries, so that the captain remained uninterrupted while administering his wholesome chastisement: but he contented himself with making her sensible of the weight of his arm, and having terrified her into silence, he forebore to increase the dose.

Charles was glad when bed time arrived; none of his friends appeared at supper, neither did Felice, and finding that he should see no more of them that night, he retired when the cloth was withdrawn.

Virginia did not entertain her friend

all night with lamentations and groans, hers was a silent sorrow, and if a gentle sigh sometimes escaped her breast, it was not obtrusive, but half checked! and though her tears moistened her pillow, they flowed in a smooth current, not like the bursting torrent of a fountain but from an inaudible source.

As the morning advanced, she endeavoured to compose her mind and shut out from it every idea that could soften it, or rob it of its energy.

It was her intention to appear at breakfast, which she accordingly did, with a calm and serene, though serious aspect. She was scarcely seated, when Villeroy entered. Augusta affected not to see him, for she felt so much hurt at his conduct, that she was averse to addressing him.

A faint flush died the cheeks of Virginia, but it speedily subsided, and she forced herself to say, which she did with composure,

“I hope you find yourself better this morning?”

She neither smiled nor frowned, in saying this, nor pronounced it with any point, but Villeroy did not display such perfect self-command on the present occasion. His face became instantly scarlet, he bowed in a distant and agitated manner, and seated himself in evident disorder, without farther noticing what she had said.

“Ah!” thought Virginia, “it is ever thus! the injurer betrays his consciousness of error by the confusion he is un-

able to conceal, while the injured can maintain an unaltered demeanour."

Augusta rejoiced to perceive Villeroy's embarrassment, as she believed he merited any uneasiness he might endure; and Charles, who always imagined Villeroy and Virginia to be attached to each other, concluded they had had a very serious quarrel, in which the latter had greatly offended Villeroy, in whose aspect alone he could perceive any vestiges of resentment. The colonel's behaviour furnished Virginia with an ample excuse for not addressing him again, and she hoped he would spare her the irksome task of disguising her real feelings, and so far getting the better of them as to converse with him, by entirely withdrawing his attention from her, and treating her as a person he was offended with, which his conduct at this time seemed to imply.

“He is right,” thought she, “to appear angry with me, it will be an excuse for any apparent inconsistency in his own behaviour, which might be observed by others. I am much obliged to him; it will spare us both much awkward embarrassment. He is careless in what point of view I may consider his conduct, and he shall find that I am as ready as him to adopt the course he is inclined to pursue.”

She never cast her eyes towards him after his first chilling salutation, nor did she hear him utter a single word during the repast. As soon as it was finished he went on deck, as did all the rest of the party, but he kept himself away from the others, and remained entirely alone, leaning over the side of the ship, apparently lost in thought.

CHAP. XVII.



Que sa tendresse avoit pour moi des charmes

Qu'il est cruel d'y renoncer !

De mes yeux, malgré moi, je seus couler des larmes.

Est 'ce pour un ingrat qu'ils en devroient verser ?

THEY had now entered the British Channel, and they hoped that two or three days more, at the very farthest, would terminate their now disagreeable voyage ; for under the existing circumstances they could derive no pleasure from each other's society.

Augusta participated so fully in what she knew must be the feelings of her friend, however well she might conceal them, that she was unable to support even an attempt at conversation.

Virginia sometimes made an effort to converse with Clifford, but it was languidly sustained by both, and each speedily relapsed into silence.

The voyage had been somewhat tedious ; light variable summer winds had but partially favoured them, and they had now been above a week on board.

To particularize each time that Villeroy and the ladies met at their meals, (when alone he came near them,) during this and the succeeding day would only be a dull repetition of a similar scene, as he never conversed with any one, and

when applied to, he answered laconically, and with evident reluctance. The deepest dejection marked his features, and an almost insupportable weight of melancholy seemed to hang on his spirits, while his looks again evinced the haggard cast of indisposition, as well as wretchedness.

Augusta began to feel some degree of commiseration for him, though believed he did not merit it; but yet she in her heart loved him as a brother, and could not witness his sufferings, (no matter from what cause they sprung) with indifference.

She asked him several times if he were unwell; a mild and gentle negative was his only reply, and he neither gave her, or any other person, an opportunity of

questioning him, unless they particularly sought him.

It is hard to say, whether his uniform reserve and sadness, tended to decrease or augment Virginia's misery ! Sometimes she would argue from that he in reality loved her, but was compelled by the laws of honour to ally himself to another ; while at others, the apprehension that his health was again declining occasioned the bitterest pangs, and still fondly loving him, she would cheerfully have endured the utmost poignancy of affliction, to have eradicated from his heart the sting of anguish.

Felice had preserved an impenetrable sulkiness since the evening of her humiliation, which she had been pondering on ever since, and weighing in her mind the best means of revenging herself on

the inflictor, and of preventing a repetition of a similar *quietus*; and she met him the third morning after, fully prepared to put her plan in execution the very first opportunity.

In order to accelerate it, she laid aside her sullen air, and assumed one of impertinent superciliousness, and resumed the old train of provocation, and having wrought up her unfortunate husband to a pitch of madness, she dared him to touch her; he could not long resist, when, screaming that she would no longer support his brutality, but terminate her life and sufferings together, she flew upon deck.

He little heeded what she said, never imagining that she really would commit any violence on herself, yet as she broke from him, he followed her. What was

his dismay, when, before he could possibly prevent her, she precipitated herself into the sea.

Horrored beyond description, scarcely had he the power left to order out the boat to save her, if possible.

Felice had been accustomed to bathe continually in the river from a child, and was an expert swimmer; she had not the least dread of the water, convinced that she could sustain herself double the time that it would take to put the boat about to pick her up, or she could swim to it, as she had observed it had that morning been hoisted out, for some of the men to bathe from.

She had previously determined on the act she had now committed purposely to

terrify her husband to the last extreme, and make him imagine his ill usage had caused her to rush upon her fate; she had clad herself as lightly as she could for the occasion.

But Felice's premeditated malice recoiled completely on herself! in her fear that her husband would restrain her, she had jumped over-board in perfect confidence, it being a very calm day, and the sea like glass! She was not aware that the boat had drifted round from the stern to the side of the ship, and therefore took no precaution to avoid it, and at the moment she reached the water her head received a violent blow from the side of the boat, which deprived her of her senses, and drawn into the vortex of the ship, she sunk to rise no more!—in this world.

Thus perished the victim of passion! to gratify her every inclination had been the whole study of her brief existence, and had eventually precipitated her early doom.

The vindictive influence of revenge had instigated her to an act she had fancied would be attended by no risk to herself while her wretched husband prompted by terror, might perhaps be induced to throw himself into the waves to succour her; nay, might perish in the attempt! A catastrophe that would not have inflicted a single pang on her flinty heart which had now for ever ceased to beat.

Vainly was the boat rowed around the spot where she had sunk, while the distracted husband, miserable at having accelerated her fate, rather than at regret for her loss, hung over the side, calling in

agony on the name of Felice ! And when from the time that had elapsed the certainty of her doom was confirmed beyond a doubt, he returned to the ship in a state nearly bordering on insanity.

The passengers had been spared the horrors of witnessing this shocking scene, as it occurred before breakfast, and having heard the shrieks proceeding from the cabin they had delayed assembling themselves. But the violent bustle on deck, which immediately followed, and the general outcry "She has jumped overboard !" caused the two gentlemen to hasten up, and greatly were they shocked when they heard what had happened, and in extreme anxiety they watched the boat till confident the fate of the wretched Felice was sealed, when they retired to the cabin to escape the sight of the husband's distress.

The ladies too had heard the confusion and half ascended the stairs, when a sailor informed them of the cause, humanely recommending them to remain below.

In speechless horror they hurried back, and pale and trembling they awaited the intelligence that should relieve or confirm their fears.

The gentlemen joined them in silence. Their looks, or rather Clifford's (for despair had been so legible on Villeroy's features for some days that they could learn nothing from his aspect) convinced them Felice was gone for ever.

After some minutes of total silence, Charles expressed his amazement at what had occurred, observing that he had frequently heard the hapless creature declare she could swim expertly, and upon

reflecting on every circumstance, they were tempted to believe she had had no serious intention of terminating her existence, and that the sudden manner in which they understood she had disappeared from the surface of the water had been caused by some untoward accident.

But though they could not but be sensible that there was nothing to regret in the loss of such a being, it would have been out of nature not to have felt shocked and horrified in the extreme at such a dreadful catastrophe, and at the sudden dissolution of a creature so unfit to die.

No sooner did Villeroy and Charles find that the captain had retired to his state room, in the most pitiable situation, than they repaired to him, and both en-

deavoured to calm his self reproaches by acquainting him with their suspicions, originating in the knowledge that Felice could certainly swim.

His countenance instantly brightened, he remembered the position of the boat, and scarcely entertained a doubt that it had struck her. He remembered too, her threats, and the unprovoked manner in which she had attacked, and exasperated him that morning, and his composure rapidly returned as he found room for self extenuation, and thought that if Felice had done this only to frighten him, she was rightly served, and he had nothing to reproach himself with. He began to think how very comfortable he should feel himself as a widower, and the gentlemen perceiving that his aspect no longer denoted despair, and that he was by no means deaf to the voice of conso-

lation, thought they might venture to leave him without any danger of his taking the shortest way of following his worse half.

This event cast a gloom over every person in the ship for that day, though towards the evening the captain came on deck. It could not be said "A descent grief sat on his face," but certainly it was "such as became his loss."

He informed the gentlemen he had found a letter in his wife's trunk, which she had commenced to her mother; it contained little more than a regular abuse of himself, and relations of their various quarrels, and ended by a description of the manner in which she intended to frighten him, and (as she termed it) bring him to his senses.

The perusal of this letter removed every trace of regret from the captain's breast; and the hardest task he had to perform was to conceal his satisfaction.

CHAP. XVIII.

Her charms despised, her easy faith betrayed,
Nor swells her bosom with a lighter grief,
Who mourns the absence of the youth she loves,
Torn from her arms to brave the stormy main
Or nobly toiling in the field of fame !
But never, never to return again !

LORD CARYSFORD.

VIRGINIA became very anxious that the final interview she proposed having with Villeroy, in order to make the necessary explanation to him respect-

ing Mrs. Pelham's property, should take place.

She knew it had been his original intention to accompany both her and Augusta to their home ; but she thought it most probable, under the present circumstances, that instead of continuing with them, he would set off for town, on landing at Southampton, where the captain had promised to put them on shore, though it was not the port for which he was bound.

It was therefore likely she might not have an opportunity of conversing with him in private after they were on shore, and it was better every thing should be arranged previous to their landing ; she therefore determined to request Augusta either to tell Villeroy on what account

she wished to speak to him, or contrive to leave them alone.

She accordingly acquainted her friend with her intention of having a final conference with Colonel Villeroy before they left the ship, in order to prevent the necessity of any future correspondence between them.

They had neither exchanged words or even looks for the last three days, and I believe it will now be expedient to acquaint the reader with the cause of Villeroy's strange behaviour, though he cannot properly be said to be ignorant of it, though it may probably not have suggested itself to his mind!

Villeroy had listened with eager interest to the recital Augusta had made him of all their adventures previous to

the rencontre at *Le petit Lion d'or*; and with breathless attention to her explanation of the contents of Mrs. Pelham's will, which he no sooner thoroughly understood, than the recollection of what Virginia had said to him on that subject the night he had surprised her, instantly darted into his mind.

The one who should decline the union was only to be entitled to ten thousand pounds! and Virginia herself had said her friend had only left her that sum, and had bequeathed the remainder of her property to an object more deserving of it!

Could she have plainer said that it was her intention to reject the alliance, and therefore should only be entitled to the inferior bequest?

Could she more effectually have prepared him for the conduct she intended to adopt, than by thus prematurely crushing every hope he might be led to encourage on becoming acquainted with the substance of the will. This persuasion pressed so strongly on Villeroy's mind, as to repress every shadow of pleasure at the communication, and scarcely conscious of Augusta's presence, he followed up the train of ideas that presented itself.

Strange inconsistency of the sex! he had dared to flatter himself Virginia had long been partial to him; but yet, it was possible he might have mistaken friendship for love! He had never avowed his own sentiments, nor solicited a confession of hers, and though he had frequently fancied he could penetrate into them, suspicion, not certainty, could alone

be the result. And, allowing the justice of the suspicion, the portionless, un-
aspiring Virginia might in her lowly days
have nurtured in attachment for a being,
she would consider as unworthy of pos-
sessing the wealthy heiress, in whom the
acquisition of riches might have aroused
passions, which till then had lain dor-
mant in her breast: the seeds of ambi-
tion and avarice required the sunshine of
prosperity to cause them to spring forth,
and the sacrifice of love and friendship
was necessary to bring the fruits to per-
fection !

Virginia might shrink with repug-
nance from a union, when the combined
property it would entitle the parties to,
(though so very considerable) would
scarcely be sufficient to patch up the
broken fortunes, and free the family
estates of the person she was to be allied

to. The galling recollection of his father's embarrassed circumstances was ever uppermost in Villeroy's mind; these difficulties he was confident must be daily and hourly increasing; and he never cast his thoughts homeward without a sensation of the deepest sorrow and humiliation.

He doubted not Virginia was well acquainted, through Augusta, with every particular relative to his family, and which but to know, he thought sufficient to make her shun the bare idea of connection with it.

He had quitted Augusta, wholly overcome with a sense of the happiness he had lost, and of how vain and fruitless the kind intentions of Mrs. Pelham in his favour had proved.

The more he reflected, the greater cause did he find to despair, and having once admitted the idea that Virginia's heart was changed not only in regard to himself, but to the disadvantage of her general character ; he almost fancied that every word she had said respecting the will carried with it a peculiar meaning which it was intended he should apply hereafter.

Thus impressed with a conviction that she would decline the union, he determined to follow her example, nor subject himself to a formal rejection, by importuning her to change her resolution. In short, under the resentment that filled his mind against Virginia, and the cruel mortification he endured in this disappointment, he admitted a thousand things to her disadvantage, which at another time he would have rejected with abhorrence.

He doubted not that she must be convinced he was ardently and devotedly attached to her, for he had found it out of his power to conduct himself towards her in any other manner than that of a sincere adorer, and though he called her sister, the affection that spoke in his behaviour to her was surpassing that of fraternal growth.

She therefore could not be insensible of the wretchedness she was condemning him to, yet she had continued to treat him with the same conciliating gentleness and encouraging attention she had ever shown towards him, wholly regardless, and unmoved at the contemplation of the misery she had in store for him.

She might think still to treat him as a brother, a friend, but she should know and feel that she had injured him in the

tenderest point! The sight of his wretchedness should speak to her heart! not one doit of the detested property would he ever accept! He could endure poverty and sickness with cheerfulness; but the abuse of his dearest affections; the cruelty, the inhumanity of the being he loved most; her whose gentle commiseration would have soothed every pang, and solaced him under all the frowns of fortune; she had planted the sharpest thorn in his bosom, already lacerated by the arrows of adversity.

The misery arising from the strong prepossession that had taken firm hold of his imagination, rendered him incapable for many hours of appearing; he concluded that Augusta was ignorant of her friend's intention to refuse him, by the manner in which she had spoken, and he had felt too much disturbed and

humiliated to explain to her at the time the motive of his conduct.

He was sensible Virginia would be aware of the result of his *tête-à-tête* with Augusta, and therefore prepared for the change in his behaviour, and doubtless guess the cause which had occasioned him to seclude himself for the remainder of that day, as she could not possibly imagine he could fail to recollect the premature avowal she had made, or to understand it as she no doubt intended he should, and from thence experience the utmost sorrow, disappointment, and resentment.

And all this his looks and manner betrayed on meeting her the following morning, when he was still more hurt and offended at the calm composure with which she addressed him, and thought

there was a want of delicacy and feeling in her saying she hoped he found himself better, when she must be so well acquainted with the cause of his malady.

He found himself incapable of conversing with any one, nor was he sorry his looks and manner should convince her how deeply he considered himself injured.

CHAP. XIX.

Yet all she could the fair her tears suppress'd,
 And stopped the murmurs of her troubled breast:
 Yet on her cheeks the trickling dews appeared
 And from her lips, a broken sigh was heard!

HOOLE'S TASSO.

And thou, my earliest friend, my brother dear,
 Thy fall untimely still renews my tear!

COLUMBIAD

THE Captain at length informed his
 passengers (as he sat down to breakfast
 with them) that though he should be
 very sorry to part with them, he believed

they would not be much grieved to hear that he thought this would be the last meal they should partake of together on board his ship, as he hoped to land them before dinner time.

They were now off the Needles, and the captain went above. Augusta expressed great impatience to contemplate the craggy rocks, which give so imperfect an idea of the name they bear, and hastening to finish her breakfast, she said she would go on deck. Virginia did not offer to accompany her, but Charles instantly arose.

Villeroy had not swallowed his last cup of coffee, but he took it off at once, so anxious was he to follow the other two, or rather to avoid being left alone with Virginia, which under their present circumstances seemed peculiarly awkward.

She had been fortifying herself for the interview, and as he rose with precipitation, she said, "Colonel Villeroy, may I request a few moments' conversation with you?"

Villeroy sunk back into his seat, while his pallid countenance became suddenly flushed; he slightly bowed, and Virginia continued.

"As I may not again have an opportunity of conversing with you, I wish on the present occasion to say all that it is necessary I should state respecting the business in which we have each a separate interest, though your's is infinitely superior to mine."

Here she looked at him for the first time; there was something stern and resentful in his eye! he seemed as if he

would have interrupted her, but could not sufficiently command himself to speak.

Virginia's spirit was still farther aroused by the aspect of his features, which so plainly denoted anger against her, which she could attribute to no reasonable cause, and could not indeed at all account for, unless conscious that he merited her severest displeasure, he might seek to excuse himself by affecting to be offended with her.

She again addressed him,—“You may probably still retain some faint remembrance of a conversation that passed on the first night we so unexpectedly met at Tours; I believe it is not quite a fortnight since.”

Villeroy's eyes flashed fire, and he now spoke with impetuosity.

"It is unnecessary, perfectly unnecessary, Madam, to remind me of what you then said. Every word is indelibly engraved on my memory."

Virginia was surprized; she hesitated a moment, but finding a strong degree of agitation coming over her, she delayed not to add what she wished to say, fearful it might increase, and she went on in hurried accents.

"As you have so clear a recollection of my words, I need not repeat them. You will doubtless perceive the meaning attached to what I said concerning Mrs. Pelham's will! I then told you she had left me ten thousand pounds, by which

you will infer that I did not agree in my poor friend's opinion of what would conduce to my happiness, and never intended——

“It is useless your entering into these particulars,” cried Villeroy, vehemently interrupting her; “I before told you I perfectly understood what was then meant. Do not imagine me so dull of comprehension as not to be instantly aware of the intention conveyed in those words! No sooner had Mrs. Villeroy acquainted me with the purport of the will, than they instantly recurred to my long deluded imagination, and at once dissolved the deception.”

Virginia was almost breathless! could this be true? then was his conduct amply accounted for. But again her heart rapidly sunk, as it struck her that he had

caught at this as an excellent subterfuge to excuse himself. The flush of hope subsided, and with calm dignity she replied,—

“ This violence is ill timed, Colonel Villeroy, and quite unnecessary ! I require no explanation or excuse for your conduct ! I merely desired this interview to assure you that I give up all claims on Mrs. Pelham’s property beyond the ten thousand pounds, which alone I am entitled to, and as I first declined complying with the conditions, which would have given me a claim to a moiety of it, the whole of the remainder is your’s of course ! I know not what delusion or deception you allude to, this I think is sufficiently plain.”

“ You know not what delusion or deception I allude to ? But you are right to

plead ignorance of what you cannot excuse. But rest assured, I never will accept one farthing of the property which that generous friend, who was as much deceived as myself, made so kind a disposition of; had she known your real sentiments, the affection she bore you would no doubt have prompted her to constitute you her sole heir! It was alone owing to an erroneous conclusion that she was induced to think of me. But not by me shall your wealth be decreased. I will be no obstacle to your ambition! rather would I sink amidst the ruins of my broken fortunes, resign my family honours and title, suffer them to sink into the grave with him who now possesses them, and work for my daily bread."

Villeroy's cheeks burnt, the perspiration stood on his forehead, and he conti-

nued with increased vehemence and agitation.

“I have suffered all that I can suffer ! every affection of my heart has been blighted ! Even from childhood I have been the play-thing of adversity ! My health and peace early fell a sacrifice to the imprudence of those nearest and dearest to me ! The fraternal ties that bound me to a brother I tenderly loved, were violently burst asunder, and in the prime of existence death tore him from me ! And last of all,—the dearest softest sentiments of nature, which had long remained torpid in my bosom, chilled and repressed by the consciousness of my poverty, burst forth uncontrollably in the presence of an object so formed to arouse them, and spite of every effort to conceal them, they would, they did evince themselves ! No frown repelled

them, but the smile of affection nurtured and encouraged them. Fortune for a moment seemed to relent! she presented the means of bliss! when the being dearest to me, she, whom I weakly imagined, would, like a second self, have rejoiced to share the cup of happiness with me, dashed it violently from my lips, laughed at my misery, and exulted in my despair. O! it is too much! I could have borne all but this."

Villeroy threw his arms on the table before him, and leant his face on them, while his bosom heaved convulsively.

The tears streamed down Virginia's cheeks. Sprung they from sorrow or delight? O! surely the latter! for she could no longer doubt she was beloved, and that the misery of the last few days had been occasioned entirely by mutual

error. She felt so overwhelmed and oppressed by contending emotions that she was for a few moments incapable of uttering a single word.

Her situation was peculiarly awkward ; for how could she tell Villeroy that he had in reality deluded himself, and that she had not the most remote idea of rejecting him, until she had been informed by Augusta, that he declined the union ! How was she to contradict what she had the moment before told him, and confess that the words to which he attached so much importance, had fallen from her unawares, without any idea of the construction he might afterwards put on them ? How was she to tell him all this, and convince him, that however fervent and unalterable was his affection for her, it was wholly reciprocal.

Yet she felt the most eager impatience to relieve him from his misery, which he had painted in terms that made her heart bleed for his past and present wretchedness.

"Villeroy," she at length articulated in a low and tender tone, "Villeroy, you have deceived yourself!"

"Do not speak to me," cried he without raising his eyes, "I cannot bear to hear your voice! I know I have deceived myself."

"And injured me!" added Virginia.

"No," he exclaimed, now looking up, "rather would I have perished! your tears fall, not for your own injuries, but for those you have heaped on me! Your

heart is not yet hard enough to bear unmoved the sight of my misery.

“ My tears do indeed fall for your unhappiness, and no less for your injustice to myself. But we have both been deceived, nor shall I ever forget what I have suffered within the last three days.”

She wept violently.

“ O check those tears,” cried Villeroy, rising and approaching her, “ I know what you would say,—that as a friend and brother you still desire to consider me, and are grieved that I cannot reconcile myself to this; that I deceived myself in believing that your love for me exceeded that of a sister, and that I have injured you by my reproaches.”

“ You have indeed,” said Virginia, holding out her hand to him, which he seemed half reluctant to take, but sat down beside her, and deeply sighing, said, “ Perhaps I have been too violent! our affections are not under our own controul! I had falsely mistaken friendship for love.”

“ No, no,” cried Virginia, then greatly confused, added, “ I mean---that is”

“ What do you mean? O Virginia, what would you say?” exclaimed Ville-roy with delighted astonishment, and auguring every thing that he wished from her demeanour.

She hastily arose, saying, “ I will send Augusta to you, she will explain all, and then you will see how strangely we have both deceived ourselves.”

“No, no, you shall not leave me; you have excited the most extatic hope in my breast. O, tell me, am I again deceived?”

Virginia now recollected that Augusta knew nothing at all of the original cause of this misunderstanding, and therefore could not possibly explain it; she reseated herself as she said, with downcast eyes, “You never were deceived in drawing the conclusion which has now excited that hope. I am no hypocrite! you have read my heart, Villeroy! long since you were acquainted with it; how could you for a moment suspect it of deceit? A few silly words that fell from me in a moment of embarrassment, scarcely sensible of what I said, you falsely interpreted, and this has been the cause of all our mutual misery.”

“ O, do I hear aright? cried Villeroy,
“ do you indeed love me? and am I at
length permitted to be happy?”

Convinced beyond a possibility of doubt by the repeated assurances of Virginia, and the entire explanation she gave him, that he might be happy, Villeroy gave way to the most rapturous demonstrations of delight, pure, unalloyed, and confirmed by the moral certainty that every bar to his felicity was indeed removed.

CHAP. XX.



Mon trouble, mes soupçons, mon dépit, ma douleur,
Tout vous a prouvé ma tendresse,
Ah qu'il vous est aisé de tromper ma faiblesse,
A vous croire, mon cœur n'est que trop empressé.

WE will leave Villeroy indulging in that fullness of joy, that had so long been a stranger to his noble and virtuous heart, and join Augusta and Charles. It was the first time they had been left alone, and though Charles rejoiced that Virginia or Villeroy had not followed them, he yet

felt embarrassed, a sensation Augusta more than partook of.

She endeavoured to keep up the conversation on general subjects ; talked of the delights of gazing on one's native shores, of the beauties of the Isle of Wight, that " precious stone set in the silver sea," then expressed her anxiety respecting the uneasiness her mother must have experienced on her account ; in short, she scarcely gave Charles an opportunity of making a single observation, so anxious was she to prevent a pause in the conversation.

The mention of her mother brought the last time he had seen Mrs. Temple to his mind ; he sighed deeply.

Here was an excellent opportunity for his accounting to Augusta for the strange

manner in which he had behaved on meeting her at Brighton, though he scarcely dared venture on the subject, yet he resolved to attempt it, and repeated in a low voice, as if speaking to himself,---“ Mrs. Temple ! what a train of misery does that name recal to my mind.” He continued to Augusta, “ You will doubtless be surprized when I tell you that the first time I beheld you after your mother’s marriage, I conceived you to be the wife of Mr. Temple, owing to a mistake ; this may account for my excessive——” Charles stopped, Augusta was looking very serious, and seemed inclined to move off towards that part of the deck where the captain stood ; in order to preventher Charles hastily changed the subject, and asked her how soon she intended setting off for Yorkshire after they had landed, to which she replied, “ I have promised to accompany Virgi-

nia to her father's house, which is only a few miles from Southampton; I shall sleep there and go on the next day."

"I must immediately repair to Mr. Beryl's," observed Charles, "he will of course expect me, it is so long since I have visited him."

Augusta coloured, and the time Charles had before spent at Mr. Beryl's, and the events of that period presented themselves to her mind.

Charles continued, "Your good old relation is an extraordinary, but most worthy man! I shall never forget the manner in which he received me the first time I ever saw him. I was miserable till his daughter returned home; she is a charming woman. The subsequent period I spent under his roof was as delightful as the first few hours were disagreeable! and I can safely say I never passed

one happy day from the time I left Yorkshire till —till I found myself in the bower of bliss on the banks of the Loire.

Augusta felt extremely confused, which was not the less apparent from her endeavouring to appear totally unconcerned and quite composed.

Charles continued, “ Yet many, and many a wretched hour, day, and month did I pass during that miserable interval.”

“ What a beautiful frigate is that guard ship?” observed Augusta, alluding to one that was lying off Lymington, in the contemplation of which she appeared to be wholly engrossed, though the tint on her cheek convinced Charles she had heard every word he had said. He replied not to her observation, but after a short pause pursued his own theme with increasing energy and animation.

“ But for Villeroy I must have sunk under such heavy, such accumulated affliction ; and to him I still look as my future friend ; he has indeed been ever mindful of my happiness, and through him I dare to encourage a hope, which, if it offends, it is he alone who is to blame.”

Augusta had frequently reflected on the promise drawn from her in so ridiculous a manner by Villeroy, when in the character of the mendicant he had bound her to marry his daughter. It would not be just to say she experienced any great regret at the remembrance, nor any apprehensions that Villeroy would compel her to perform it, if she in reality was averse to it, but she scarcely doubted he would bring it against her, when his friend should solicit him to plead his cause. That Charles alluded to that circumstance she could not but be aware, and she was extremely appre-

hensive of his openly declaring himself, as she would scarcely have known how to treat him, as she did not wish to reduce him absolutely to despair, and was resolved not to admit any one in the character of an avowed lover, at least, for some time longer ; therefore in order to terminate all farther conversation of this nature, she said with a serious air, she believed she must go below, for the glare of the water hurt her eyes.

Charles instantly understood the hint, and cried, “ O no, I beseech you, remain where you are, and I promise you shall have no reason to repent having consented to gratify me. I will talk of the shipping, the Isle of Wight, Hurst Castle, in short, any thing you please, if you will not leave me.” Augusta could not forbear smiling ; Charles did not again offend, and only general subjects

were started during the remainder of their *tête-à-tête*.

They were both most agreeably surprised at the pleasing alteration in the aspect of Virginia and Villeroy, when they joined them on deck.

Virginia whispered in her friend's ear, "All is well, and we shall all be happy."

An affectionate grasp of the hand spoke a hearty congratulation, nor could Augusta resist holding out her hand to Villeroy, whom she was convinced she had injured in idea. He pressed it with gentle fervour, that seemed to assure her of his happiness, and all was harmony and joy. Each heart bounding with pleasure, and impatience to reach the much-loved shore.

Virginia shed tears of delight as they sailed up the river to Southampton. In

her eyes it was a thousand times more beautiful than the Loire. Every spot on its banks was familiar to her, and the thought of the short time in which it was now probable she should see her beloved parents quite overcame her.

These pleasing anticipations had been deadened in her breast by the unhappiness which had for the few last days oppressed her, but her present felicity, and the blissful prospect held out to her, elevated her feelings to a pitch of enthusiasm, and her thoughts sprang in gratitude to she author of peace !

See them at length safely landed on the quay at Southampton, surveying every individual, however unprepossessing their appearance, with a look of complacency, and rejoicing to hear their native tongue resounding from all quarters. They almost fancied every person they met a

friend or old acquaintance, and their joyful looks and French *tournure*, which the habiliments furnished from the wardrobe of the unfortunate Felice gave them, attracted the eyes, and excited the curiosity of every one who beheld them.

CHAP. XXI.



Some feelings are to mortals given,
With less of earth in them than heaven !
And if there be a human tear,
From passion's dross refined, and clear,
A tear so limpid and so meek,
It would not stain an angel's cheek,
'Tis that which pious fathers shed,
Upon a duteous daughter's head !

WALTER SCOTT.

IT was agreed that Augusta and Virginia should immediately set off for the residence of Mr. Stanhope; the gentleman being obliged to remain a few hours

at Southampton to arrange the accounts of the whole party with Petkin. The ladies gladly allowed Villeroy to take this trouble off their hands, as they could settle with him at their leisure. It was fortunate he had some hundreds of his own he could resort to, as he would not have requested any one to accept a draft on his father, which would have been something like payment in *assignats*.

Neither Charles or his friend found any difficulty in getting as large a sum as they required from a respectable banker in the town, and all the American's demands were speedily satisfied, and he took his leave of them with expressions of gratitude and respect. Meantime our fair friends were conveyed towards the residence of Mr. Stanhope. Virginia's feelings were in a state of continual fluctuation from the dread that some unpleasant change might have taken place in her family since the time she had heard

from them. Her mother or father might be sick or from home ; a thousand apprehensions were aroused ; and increased in proportion as they drew nearer the termination of their journey. The chaise was to stop at a short distance from the house, and Augusta precede her friend to prepare her parents to expect her.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanhope had been completely deprived of peace and tranquillity from the time they had been convinced that their child must be among the number of the *détenus* : they had taken every means in their power to ascertain the particulars relative to the detention of the party but in vain, and the mother felt all her piety and firmness requisite to support her under her anxiety. Letters continually passed between her and Mrs. Temple, who was exactly in a similar situation, each hoping they might gain some intelligence from the other. The affectionate solicitude of a fond

husband, and unremitting attention of her married daughter, who resided near her, soothed, though it could not dissipate Mrs. Stanhope's unhappiness. She was sitting at a window; her husband reading to her, when she perceived a lady who was a stranger to her approaching across the lawn.

"She looks like a Frenchwoman!" exclaimed the mother, "perhaps she brings intelligence of our child."

They both hastened out to meet her. Augusta accosted them in some agitation,

"Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. and Mrs. Stanhope?"

The former replied in the affirmative.

"I am sure I shall be welcome when I say I bring the most satisfactory accounts from your daughter Virginia!"

"O where is she?" cried the mother.

“She is in perfect health and safety.”

“But in a prison!” rejoined Mrs. Stanhope.

“If you will allow me, ma’am, to accompany you to the house, I will satisfy all your questions.”

Mrs. Stanhope turned back as she continued,

“But you are just come from France; when did you see my child? where did you leave her? O tell me, I entreat you?”

Augusta forbore to answer her for a few moments, but said to Mr. Stanhope,

“I came hither with a friend who awaits me in a chaise near the gate; if you will have the goodness to conduct her to your house I will remain there a short time.”

Mr. Stanhope flew off as the idea struck him, that Virginia herself was perhaps the person alluded to, and Augusta, who now with Mrs. Stanhope entered the house, said,

“ Perhaps I need tell you no more than that I am Mrs. Villeroy, to prepare you for what you may expect.”

“ Mrs. Villeroy ! the friend of my Virginia ! then my child must be near.”

The agitated mother would have flown to meet her beloved Virginia, but Augusta detained her a few moments, and ere they had expired, Virginia was in her arms !

With painful impatience she had remained behind while her friend acted as *avant courier*, but the sight of her father banished every fear, and the reunion to her beloved parents left her not a wish ungratified.

As soon as the first transports of meeting would permit them to think, a servant was sent off to inform her sister of the joyful event; and she with her husband were not long in joining the happy group, and never was a dinner-table surrounded by more joyous hearts than that at which the delighted Mrs. Stanhope this day presided. The enquiries after poor Mrs. Pelham were made with some hesitation from a suspicion of the truth.

“ We will not talk of that now,” with a melancholy shake of the head, was sufficient to denote what had happened.

Virginia informed her father he must expect two more guests in the course of the evening, who had been the companions of their flight. On hearing whom they were, Mr. Stanhope expressed his satisfaction; he was acquainted with them both by report, and had heard enough of Villeroy to inspire him with the highest

opinion of his character, and he considered him as his relation from the circumstance of his son's having married Villeroy's sister.

No sooner was the cloth withdrawn, than a particular account of all their adventures was recited, partly by Virginia, but chiefly by Augusta, who on her road from Southampton had been informed by her friend of the cause of the misunderstanding between her and Villeroy. Augusta therefore gave a full recapitulation of the contents of Mrs. Pelham's will, hinting pretty plainly Villeroy's attachment; and the happy parents easily perceived, by Virginia's demeanour that her sentiments were in exact harmony with those of her lover! Even before she had left Southampton, Augusta had written a few lines to Mr. Temple, in order that he might prepare her mother for the joyful intelligence her letter con-

tained, and to expect a long one from herself by the next day's post.

Villeroy and Clifford arrived early in the evening, and were received as old friends, as well by those who had never before seen them, as those who had left them but a few hours before, and who felt not the less delighted to see them. Augusta talked of continuing her journey the next day ; Villeroy was to escort her and Charles hoped to be admitted of the party. Augusta could not bear the thoughts of a separation from Virginia, and entreated Mr. and Mrs. Stanhope to suffer her to persuade them to take a journey into Yorkshire, and spend some time with her at her mother's house. They were at first inflexible ; not that they were averse to the journey, as they sometimes made long excursions during the summer. But they did not like to repair to Mrs. Temple's house unsolicited

by her. But Augusta was not to be refused, and she declared that if when they reached Yorkshire they should not feel inclined to be her mother's guests, they should have possession of a sweet cottage of which she considered herself the mistress. Still they hesitated, but the tearful eyes of the two friends at the thoughts of separating, were not to be withstood, and Augusta consented to delay her journey one day, which was requisite to give Mr. and Mrs. Stanhope time to make arrangements; indeed, Virginia had a new wardrobe to provide, but till this could be procured her sister supplied both her and Augusta with what they required.

On finding that the Stanhopes were to accompany Augusta, Villeroy thought it would be most advisable for him to repair to London and pay his father a short visit, and follow the party into York-

shire, than to go with them and be obliged to quit them, and retrace so much of the journey in order to perform this part of his duty. He apart consulted Virginia on this measure, and she approving it, he informed the rest of the party.

Mr. Stanhope observed that he would perhaps change his mind when he had heard something he would communicate to him the next day. This rather alarmed Villeroy, and he loitered with Mr. Stanhope till every body else had retired for the night, when he said to him,

“It was my intention to have requested a private interview with you to-morrow morning relative to what most nearly concerns my happiness. But I cannot wait till then to have your words explained. Pray, my dear sir, do not keep me in suspense ; tell me at once, if you

know any thing affecting the welfare of my family."

Mr. Stanhope now communicated to him a piece of intelligence which certainly was not the very worst calamity that could have befallen Villeroy, though of a description which in some cases occasions the strongest and most natural affliction.

The sum and substance of the communication was, that Mr. Stanhope had a few days before observed the name of Lord Calisbrook among the deaths in a daily paper; no particulars of the event, nor the cause of it had been given. Villeroy was much shocked and affected, as a person of his tender feelings could not fail to be, however little he might in effect have to regret in such a loss. He felt more too from the idea that his father had perhaps breathed his last without one

being about him to tender those affectionate attentions which could sooth the last sad moments. He grasped the hand of Mr. Stanhope and turned from him in silence. But before he quitted him Mr. Stanhope put two letters into his hand as he said,

“To hear of your sister’s welfare, will doubtless be an amelioration to your feelings. There is a letter for you from her ; it was inclosed in one to me from my son ; and there is also one from him of a later date, which I received a few days since.”

CHAP. XXII.



O joyless flood ! O rough tempestuous main !
Bordered with woods and solitudes obscene !
Snatch me, ye Gods, from the Atlantic shores,
And shelter me in Windsor's fragrant bow'rs.

FRANCIS KNAPP.

VILLEROY (now Lord Calisbrook, though in order to avoid confusion, I shal. continue for the present to call him by the name under which I hope he has

excited some interest) was aware, upon reflection, that his presence would be more than ever requisite to clear the dreadful disorder of his family affairs, which he was convinced must indeed be in a most deplorable state. He felt too most anxious to learn the particulars of his father's demise, and in pondering on the subject he forgot all his ill usage, his folly, and total disregard of the welfare of his children, and only remembered that he was his father, and he felt as a son ought to feel on so solemn an occasion. Yet the idea would intrude that his marriage with Virginia must necessarily be deferred for a few months; but angry with himself for admitting the thought of this at such a moment, he rose from his bed, where he had been lying awake some hours, and it being broad day light, he dressed himself, and sitting down by an open window, took out the

letters Mr. Stanhope had given him, and broke the seal of his sister's, whom it seemed an age since he had heard from. It ran as follows :

Halifax, April 29th.

“What will my beloved brother think when I tell him this is the last letter he will receive from me dated Halifax? He will conclude that we are about to embark for our dear native land, and hope that he shall soon embrace us! Alas! that conclusion will be erroneous, and that hope illusive! The regiment is under orders to embark on Saturday next for Quebec. I must not murmur, I do not. I am told the climate of Canada is remarkably healthy, and Quebec a quarter infinitely to be preferred to this. The passage has been performed in ten days, and the longest ever known three weeks. The most disagreeable part of it is from

hence to the river St. Lawrence, one third of the distance ; from the gulph of Quebec, it is four hundred miles up the river. Had the regiment remained here, we should not, as Henry was to have commanded a detachment to be quartered at St. John's, New Brunswick. It is separated from this place by the bay of Fundy, which you must cross in order to get at it, for the isthmus which unites it to Nova Scotia is rendered impassable by impenetrable forests ; but I believe the passage across the bay from Annapolis may be performed in a day.

“ There is an extraordinary phenomenon (I think I may term it,) which has frequently been observed in crossing this passage. The sailors have often been known to draw up salt water from one side of the vessel, and fresh from the other. Henry has succeeded in getting me very tolerable accommodations on

board the transport, and I am just now in some agitation, and no little confusion in preparing for our embarkation. You will perhaps smile at this from me, who never, till I became a soldier's wife, dreamt of exerting myself in my own service, nor indeed was it necessary. But believe me, I feel a pleasure in performing what I know to be my duty. A military life is an excellent school for arousing the energies of the mind, nor indeed can the body be permitted to remain inactive. But my mind and body are certainly infinitely the better for a great degree of exertion; for I never now experience that distaste of life, that weariness of myself, which so frequently oppressed me, when I was the useless, vain, ambitious Editha Villeroy! There is not a more salutary medicine for a debilitated mind than the necessity for exertion, nor a greater stimulus than the

conviction that your exertions are of service.

“ My soul, till now contracted, withered, shrunk, blighted by blasts of earth’s unwholesome air, will blossom here, spread all her faculties, to these bright ardours, every power unfold, and rise into sublimities of thought. I bless the day, my brother, that made me a soldier’s wife, and a reasonable and useful being! Had I married Lord Clyne, I am sure I should long since have ceased to exist, for though it is true, I might have been as useful, nay, much more so in that elevated situation, had I chosen to perform all the duties that would justly have belonged to it, yet as there would not have been a necessity for exertion, my sluggard mind, which required so much to arouse it, would have resigned itself to inaction, I should have lived and died a mere non-entity! no traces would have remained of

my life ! no vacuum would have been produced by my death ! no ray of virtuous utility would have spread its lingering brilliancy behind me, eclipsing by its gracious influence the darker shades in my character. You saved me from this humiliating fate, my ever beloved and dearest brother, and never shall I cease to be your most grateful, affectionate, and tenderest of sisters !”

Captain Stanhope's letter, as it was of a nature (I think) calculated peculiarly to interest, and contained an accurate description of the situation represented, and of events which have actually occurred, I shall also transcribe. I regret that it was out of my power to disperse these letters more generally throughout this work, but the dates under which they must be supposed to have been written,

would not permit of a measure which would otherwise have been more judicious.

Captain Stanhope's Letter to his Father,

May 14, Gut of Carso.

“ My dear good father will pity us. I am sure, when I tell him, that after having been ten days at sea we are no farther on our way than this narrow gut, which is formed by the Island of Cape Breton and Nova Scotia. We left Halifax on the fourth of May, (later than we expected,) and had very prosperous weather for the first three days. Having passed through this gut, all apprehensions (for we had entertained some fears of its being choaked up by the ice) vanished, and finding a free passage, we went on, indulging the most sanguine hopes that a couple of days, with a favourable wind, would car-

ry us across the gulph of St. Lawrence, and then all would go smoothly up the river. But our hopes proved fallacious, for on the very next night we were excessively alarmed by a sudden and most violent thump of the vessel against something which obstructed its course. I caught my trembling Editha in my arms and flew on deck, for I really believed the ship had split upon a rock, but it was speedily ascertained that the shock had been produced by her coming in contact with an immense piece of floating ice, from which however she had received no serious injury. We returned to the cabin, and gave hearty thanks to heaven that our alarm had proved groundless. Editha shed tears of gratitude; she would not allow that one of them sprung from repentance, for having generously resolved to share my perilous destiny. The transport lay to all that night, and the next day we

were astonished by the novel, but somewhat appalling sight of ice almost all round us. We tacked about, hoping to find a passage more to the westward, but after sailing the whole of that day, and lying to during the night, the horrors of which were increased by a tremendous fall of snow, which laid a foot deep on the deck, the day-light presented to our view nothing but islands of ice in every direction. It is impossible to convey an adequate idea of the dreary and awful sensation produced by such a prospect; it seemed as if we had for ever lost sight of the world, and were plunged into trackless, unknown, and interminable regions. I know Editha experienced this sensation, but she would not confess it, and while she sat pale as marble, and vainly endeavouring to prevent her teeth chattering with the severity of the cold,

she still forced her features into a smile, and declared she did not mind it.

“We perceived at a distance some small shallops close to the ice, and we sent a boat off to them for information. They proved to be seal catchers, and told our people that the ice extended sixty miles westward. The only alternative now left us was to take advantage of a fair wind which then favoured us for making back to this gut, and then to try the northern passage; for as the ice proceeded from the breaking up of the St. Lawrence, it was most probable it would all take one direction. We had nearly reached the gut, when the wind again changed, and we tacked to try the passage by the Magdalene Islands, and in that course we stood the whole night. But, alas! the morning's dawn again presented to our view enormous quantities

of ice, and we thus saw ourselves compelled to relinquish all idea of pursuing our voyage for the present. We again made for the gut, and anchored in a small bay, and here I fancy we are likely to remain for some days. My Editha is now quite well, and perfectly recovered from all her alarms. Had my affection for her admitted of increase, the magnanimity and strength of mind she has displayed under circumstances that would have reduced some women to a state of imbecility, would have raised it to that enthusiasm which however has always animated it. Such conduct too, in one, who, till she united her fate with mine, was nursed in the lap of luxury, ignorant of the very nature of deprivation, and knew nothing of hardship but the name; such conduct in her enhances its merit to the highest degree. An exact account

of the situation we are in will, I am sure, prove interesting to you; by consulting a map, or chart, you will exactly comprehend it. The gut is not more than a mile across in some parts, and on each side rise mountains covered with impervious wood. There are a few spots here and there in which some Scotch settlers have fixed their dreary habitations, and cleared some patches of land, which feed a cow and a few sheep: they can have no communication whatever with the world, or receive any supplies they may have need of, but from shallops which go from hence to Halifax, and by that means I intend sending this letter to be forwarded from thence. I cannot contemplate the fate which these isolated beings voluntarily condemn themselves to, without astonishment and a sensation of compassion, which nevertheless I believe to be superfluous! for contentment of mind

does not depend on local situations, and habit and time have the almost infallible power of reconciling, nay endearing things and places, we may originally have beheld even with disgust. There are three other officers on board with me, and we amuse ourselves with fishing and shooting. We have been on shore several times but find little to interest us; there is no appearance of vegetation, and we have to walk over the broken stumps of trees at the risk of falling at every step. The cold was most intense, while we were near the ice a poor fellow, who was aloft, was so completely benumbed that he fell from the mast into the sea, and, melancholy to relate, perished! for we were going at such a rate it was impossible to save him. I never shall forget the sensation I experienced on seeing him precipitated into the watery

abyss, or still more bitter pang that accompanied the conviction that his fate was inevitable.

While in these dreary regions, we paint to ourselves the delights of England at this time of the year when every spot is clothed with verdure. Whoever complains of the climate of England certainly deserves to spend a winter in North America ! I wish them no greater punishment.

I must now close this voluminous epistle ! My dear mother and sisters are ever in my thoughts ! I suppose Virginia is still abroad with Mrs. Pelham ! Editha unites in tenderest love to those dear beings. While shuddering amidst boundless ice, I thought of your comfortable fire-side, the sopha drawn close to it, while list and sand bags kept out every

particle of the biting air. I shuddered still more violently, and ordered more coal on our cabin fire, which fortunately we have been able to keep in, as the weather has not been tempestuous. Adieu."

CHAP. XXIII.



Still in the paths of virtue persevere,
And not from past or present ills despair,
For blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds,
And though a late, a sure reward succeeds.

CONGREVE.

VILLEROY'S attention was withdrawn from the contemplation of his own actual circumstances while occupied in the perusal of these interesting epistles; yet he felt not perfectly at ease in regard to his sister, and the friend to whom he had so long been attached, and

was apprehensive that their perilous voyage might yet be attended with danger.

The next morning, Villeroy had a long interview with Mr. Stanhope, who agreed with him that his immediate presence in town was necessary. Every thing relative to the will and union was discussed; both thought it probable that Virginia's presence in London would be requisite before the business which regarded the former, could be finally settled, and Mr. Stanhope promised to to bring her up to town when Villeroy should let them know that it was necessary. He very handsomely begged Villeroy to act as if already in full possession of the property; believing he would be much embarrassed in the arrangement of his family affairs, but this Villeroy absolutely declined. It was settled the marriage should take place at the end of six months, and he feared he

must delay till that period the liquidation of his father's debts, which he had no means of defraying but those Mrs. Pelham's property would furnish; as he was resolved not to dispose of any of his family estates, now that he should in so short a time be able to free them from their incumbrances.

Virginia could not feel sorry on hearing of the death of Lord Calisbrook, as while he had existed the accumulation of wealth would have been of little service to his son, on whom he would have been a continual drain.

Villeroy that evening set out in the mail for London, and the next day an old coach of Mr. Stanhope's, drawn by four post horses, conveyed him, his wife, Virginia, Augusta, and Charles, on the route for Yorkshire.

I shall not accompany either of them

through each stage of their journey, as I am now become very impatient to get to the end of that, in which I must continue with them; and it can hardly be disputed that the chief interest of a story ceases as soon as the parties appear in a fair train for happiness, and how it is to be completed is pretty plainly foreseen.

The last volume of a work seldom escapes the imputation either of being *spun out* or *hurried up*, and I doubt not the very same book is frequently accused of both these contradictory faults by persons differing in opinion respecting it. But, as when a work has extended to four volumes, it is most likely to incur the former accusation, I shall hasten my conclusion as much as I can without danger of deserving the latter, or of suppressing what may prove gratifying to the reader.

Mrs. Temple, in the joy of meeting her

daughter, forgot to conduct herself with reserve towards Charles, whom she had been prepared by letter to expect would be one of the party; the others were received with the utmost hospitality, and found their residence under this roof so agreeable, that they were by no means impatient to quit it. Charles was greeted as a son by Mr. Beryl, now his sole guardian, at whose house he took up his abode, and completely reinstated himself in the good opinion of his old friend Mrs. Cotterel, by opening his whole heart to her.

The following letter was forwarded to Mr. Stanhope a few days after he reached Yorkshire:

Quebec, May 27th.

"My dear Sir,

"We reached this place the evening before last, after a most tedious voyage, as you will perceive, if you re-

ceived my letter which I wrote to you from the gut of Carso, informing you of our perils *by ice*. One of our ships got so entangled with it that she could not avoid it, and had it not been calm weather she must have been lost; they were obliged to make use of long poles to push her through, and she received several severe shocks; but after all got here eleven days before us. We left the Gut the day after I dispatched my letter to you, and a fine breeze wafted us through the gulph in a couple of days; but at the mouth of the river we had calms and contrary winds, and when at length we succeeded in getting partly up it, the tides were so strong that we were obliged to anchor at every turn. We saw land on both sides all the way up, though the entrance, I am told, is seventy miles across; but a multiplicity of islands makes it appear considerably narrower.

For the last hundred miles the banks are certainly extremely beautiful, and as the river diminishes in width you see the land to great advantage. It appears well cultivated; and almost every mile you see villages of some extent. The houses are all white, even to the huts, so as frequently to present you with the idea of an encampment. I observed a great number of churches. It is remarkable how much more pains the Roman Catholics take to support their religion than we do; I lament the justice of this observation. To exemplify it, the poor settlers near the gut of Carso had not a church, chapel, or minister of any description, nor was there one for sixty miles, and the justice of the peace (one of the farmer's) performed all the functions of a clergyman, and the ceremonies so performed are allowed by the government to hold good. Though much

charmed by the banks of this river, I was extremely disappointed in Quebec, which has nothing, that I have as yet been able to discover, to recommend it. The lower town is worse than any part of Gibraltar, which I once thought the dirtiest in the world, and the upper, is little better. The stamp of its founders is very evident, and it has precisely the same gloomy aspect that characterizes the generality of French towns. We are now at the hotel, and I could challenge France or Ireland to produce a more perfect specimen of *cochonnerie* than is apparant here in every thing without exception; and I am afraid we shall be compelled to support it some time longer, as I hear there is great difficulty in procuring houses; I am just going forth in search of one. I do not hear of a ship being about to sail for England for some time, I shall therefore delay concluding this.

June —

“We have at length succeeded in getting a very bad house, for which we are to pay a very high price, and the natives tell me I must not do any thing to improve it, or my rent will be immediately raised. We last week visited the Falls of Montmorenci; they fell short of my expectations; perhaps because they had been raised so high; but the view from the spot we dined at was beautiful in the extreme; indeed the country all round is excessively romantic, particularly up the river which I traversed a few days since; and having rowed about nine miles up it we landed, mounted calashes, and jumbled over two miles of what I conceived a horrible road, but what is considered here as a tolerably good one. We then had to walk through a wood over stumps of trees, narrow rivulets, up steep hills, and down slippery paths for two miles more, and all this

trouble we took to behold the grand and magnificent Falls of Chaudier, which I am surprised are not more spoken of, as in my opinion they infinitely surpass those of Montmorenci, and thoroughly repaid the pains it cost us to get at them. I would not permit Editha to be of the party as she was not quite well. Had this country been originally colonized by the English, it would now have been the first in the world, but the French are such indifferent farmers, and so indolent in this respect, that they do not turn any thing to the best advantage. They never take the trouble to manure the land, but by the laws here, they are obliged to throw all the produce of their stables into the river, and though they have beautiful looking meadows, and very fine cows, you cannot purchase a bit of butter that is eatable, unless you chance to meet with some from the dairy of an English settler,

and that is very rare. Their vegetables are equally bad, scarce, and dear. We have not as yet been much incommoded with the heat; the general temperature has not much exceeded that of England at this season, but we have occasional days, when the heat exceeds that of the West Indies.

June.

“Congratulate me, dear friends!—congratulate the happy father of a little angel! Three days since my Editha presented me with a lovely boy! I am so overjoyed, I can scarcely write intelligibly. I would not tell you of the felicity I anticipated, fearful of alarming your apprehensions for my beloved; exposed to so many hardships in such a situation. Thank heaven she is in the fairest way possible towards amendment. I have delayed closing this till the last

moment ; the ships by which it goes has now the signal for sailing hoisted.

God bless you all,

Ever yours,

HENRY STANHOPE."

All anxieties on account of these dear friends was banished from the breasts of their relatives by the agreeable contents of this letter, which Virginia inclosed in one to Villeroy from whom she had already heard more than once ; and auspicious indeed had been the commencement of his correspondence, as will be seen on our following him to town.

The only account Villeroy could gain of his father's death was that he had been found dead in his bed, and that the medical man who had been called in to

survey the body, had said his demise was occasioned by apoplexy. Villeroy himself called on the physician to question him on the subject. His lordship had been interred during the night in the parish church adjacent, under an apprehension that the creditors might interfere and detain the body: but Villeroy determined to have it removed at a future period with due honors, (or rather with the honors filial respect thought due) to the family vault. The death of Lord Calisbrook had in reality been occasioned by his own immediate excesses. He had been carried home by the party of his dissolute companions, with whom he had been drinking till he could neither see, feel, or understand; and had been laid on his bed without being undressed, or even the precaution taken of untying his cravat; as his *valet de chambre* happened to be entertaining a party himself,

whom he could not possibly think of leaving. He was somewhat alarmed on repairing to his master's chamber, at a late hour the next day, to find, from the manner in which he was lying, and his neck-cloth being rather tight, there was scarcely a doubt that suffocation had been the consequence of this neglect; and though he immediately summoned medical aid, he took care first of all to undress the deceased, and lay him in such a position that no blame should attach to those who were supposed to have the care of him.

Owing to this, Villeroy was spared the shock his feelings must have sustained in knowing that his father's death had been occasioned by neglect. He waited on the attorney whom the late lord had employed, and anxiously inquired respecting the creditors, and whether they were not extremely clamorous under the apprehension of losing the large amounts

that were due to them. To which the man of law replied,

“No, my Lord, their only distress arose from your Lordship’s being abroad, as they seemed satisfied that you would rescue my Lord Calisbrook’s memory from any imputation, when I assured them you had come into a property which would enable you so to do without parting with any of your family estates.”

“How!” interrupted Villeroy, “did you know any thing relative to that circumstance?”

“I knew that your lordship was the heir at law, as Mr. Lethbridge left no will, and he had no male issue!”

“My uncle Lethbridge dead too?” exclaimed Villeroy, much shocked.

“He never recovered his daughter’s conduct, and lived but a very short time

after he had discarded her. I understand he then destroyed the will he had made in her favor, and knowing that your lordship would inherit his property he did not take the trouble to make another."

Here mutual explanations took place, and the result was, Villeroy found the property that devolved to him from his uncle would (together with the moiety of Mrs. Pelham's, which he might consider completely as his own) be sufficient to free his estates, and satisfy the demands of justice, and the princely income that had been attached to the title would again support and furnish it with the means of restoring the lustre and respectability of the house of Calisbrook. It was a relation of these favorable circumstances that had rendered the contents of Villeroy's letters so truly gratifying to Virginia.

CHAP. XXIV.



Comme l'on voit après la tempête
Le nautonnier porter ses regards empressés
Pers l'astre bien faisant qui brille sur sa tête
Ainsi sur ses vertus tout les yeux sont fixes.

VILLEROY could not experience any very great deprivation in the loss of his uncle, who had for so many years devoted himself to study; and almost abjured society; though he had always been fond of Villeroy and kind to him when he repaired to his house; but the

years that he had been abroad had formed a chasm in their communication, and it may be remembered that in attempting to renew their intercourse, he had been driven from his uncle's residence by the absurd conduct of his cousin Cordelia. The faithful domestic Villeroy had left behind him had informed the attorney of Lord Calisbrook's death, and he had taken upon him to discharge all the servants, who were a worthless set of wretches, with the exception of this man, with whom the house remained in charge.

Villeroy delayed not to claim Mr. Stanhope's promise of bringing Virginia to town, whenever her presence should be requisite, and she, with her parents were compelled to quit their friends in Yorkshire sooner than they had intended. Virginia, though happy in the thoughts of rejoining Villeroy, would

still have much regretted parting with Augusta, had she not hoped to see her again in the course of a few months, as she promised her nuptial excursion should be to the residence of her friend. Augusta was consoled for the temporary loss of her society by the respectful attentions of her now constant satellite Charles, who, though he still forbore to whisper his sentiments to herself, had declared them to her mother; nay, ingenuously confessed the whole nature of his feelings from his first acquaintance with her, and pathetically described the misery he had brought on himself by his ignorance of the nature of his own heart, and of the strength of that attachment Augusta had inspired him with. In short he succeeded in making Mrs. Temple his friend. What principally influenced her in his favour, was her conviction that her beloved child was still, and

(she was now tempted to believe) ever had been sincerely attached to Charles. He was admitted as a daily visitor, and was pretty nearly on the same footing in the family, that he had been in the early stage of his acquaintance, though in the presence of strangers he was particularly guarded in his behaviour towards Augusta, who, he perceived, was extremely apprehensive that the world should imagine he was received as a lover. While Virginia had been with her she had paid a visit to the cottage, and the tears that streamed from her eyes on reviewing the objects which so forcibly awakened the remembrance of the hapless Clarence were a natural and respectful tribute to his memory. She sought the rose tree he had so pathetically committed to her care, and quitted the spot overwhelmed with the recollection of the past, nor was she herself again for several days.

As we have now taken a final leave of the old and original Lord Calisbrook, and committed him to his last home, from which I have not the least desire to recal him, I shall endeavour to bring his name and title into favour with the reader, by presenting it to him adorned with all the lustre of a truly noble and exalted character (from which alone it could derive real dignity,) and rescue it from disgrace and contempt, in its perpetuation in the person of his amiable and virtuous son. He now found himself in a situation in which he could prove more serviceable to his country, than even by exposing his life in its cause; he therefore resigned his commission in the army, and looked forward in the hope of proving an ornament to the state. The dilatoriness of the law detained the Stanhopes in town till the period fixed on for Virginia's marriage with Lord Calisbrook,

which took place on the day appointed, when they again set out for Yorkshire; while Mr. and Mrs. Stanhope journeyed homeward, in anxious expectation of the arrival of their son and his beloved Editha, whom they trusted were near the termination of their voyage from America; Lord Calisbrook having procured a majority for his brother-in-law, a few months before in a dragoon regiment then in Englan.

A happy marriage that "vulgar catastrophe (to which we are nevertheless obliged to resort, in order to make our books end comfortably) is a most effectual quietus to the pen of a novel writer! It is the last flourish, after which all other notes sound dull. It is (to use a somewhat inelegant expression, though a very energetic one) an absolute damper, that puts a complete stop to all its exertions, and annihilates the very power of in-

spiring another particle of interest. In vain it seeks to crawl from under the oppressive weight and make a last faint effort to resume its wonted vigor; that vigor which has accelerated its progress through *four* volumes, *one hundred and seven* chapters, and, let who thinks it worth while, ascertain how many *lines*! Inspired by the animating themes of misery, disappointment, and adversity; and spurred on by the needful auxiliaries, anguish, horror and despair, it never flagged; but the overwhelming weight of happiness, that worst enemy to the profession, has absolutely benumbed all his powers, and resigned it to its original nothingness; and there it lies a simple grey goose quill!

O! woe is me! and must I send an endless tale into the world, after all my anxiety to reach this long desired termination? Arise my plumed harbinger of

Fame! erect thy eagle wing which oft
hath soared such various regions o'er,
and downward cast thy raven point and
let it kiss again the spotless page. Slug-
gard arise! what, art thou deaf to her
whose will hath ever been thy law, and
wilt thou not obey my voice?

PEN.—“The voice I would obey! but
such is not the language of my mistress;
she bids me always copy nature closely,
nor dare to start into bombast, or to the
flighty ravings of romance; those words
cannot be her's.”

Thy reprimand is just, my gentle quill!
Come one faint effort, and no more I'll
press thee, but let thee rest awhile! par-
don my harshness.

No quarrel shall ensue 'twixt you and me,
For thou my first best friend must ever be!

Augusta could not long withstand the
united influence of so many friends in

favor of Clifford; Lord Calisbrook made her promise given to him to espouse poor Fanchon whenever he should request it, his *grand cheval de bataille* on the occasion, and in the autumn that completed the second year of her widowhood, Augusta was united to the object of her choice, and they enjoyed that happiness which but for his blamable conduct they might have been blessed with years before. But the misery he long endured, and which was the immediate consequence of his own folly, may justly be considered as an extenuation of the offence, "To err is human!" and since it is a characteristic of our nature, we should ever be slow to condemn, eager to forgive, and ready to make those allowances for others we may one day require for ourselves!

FINIS.



UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA



3 0112 084215414